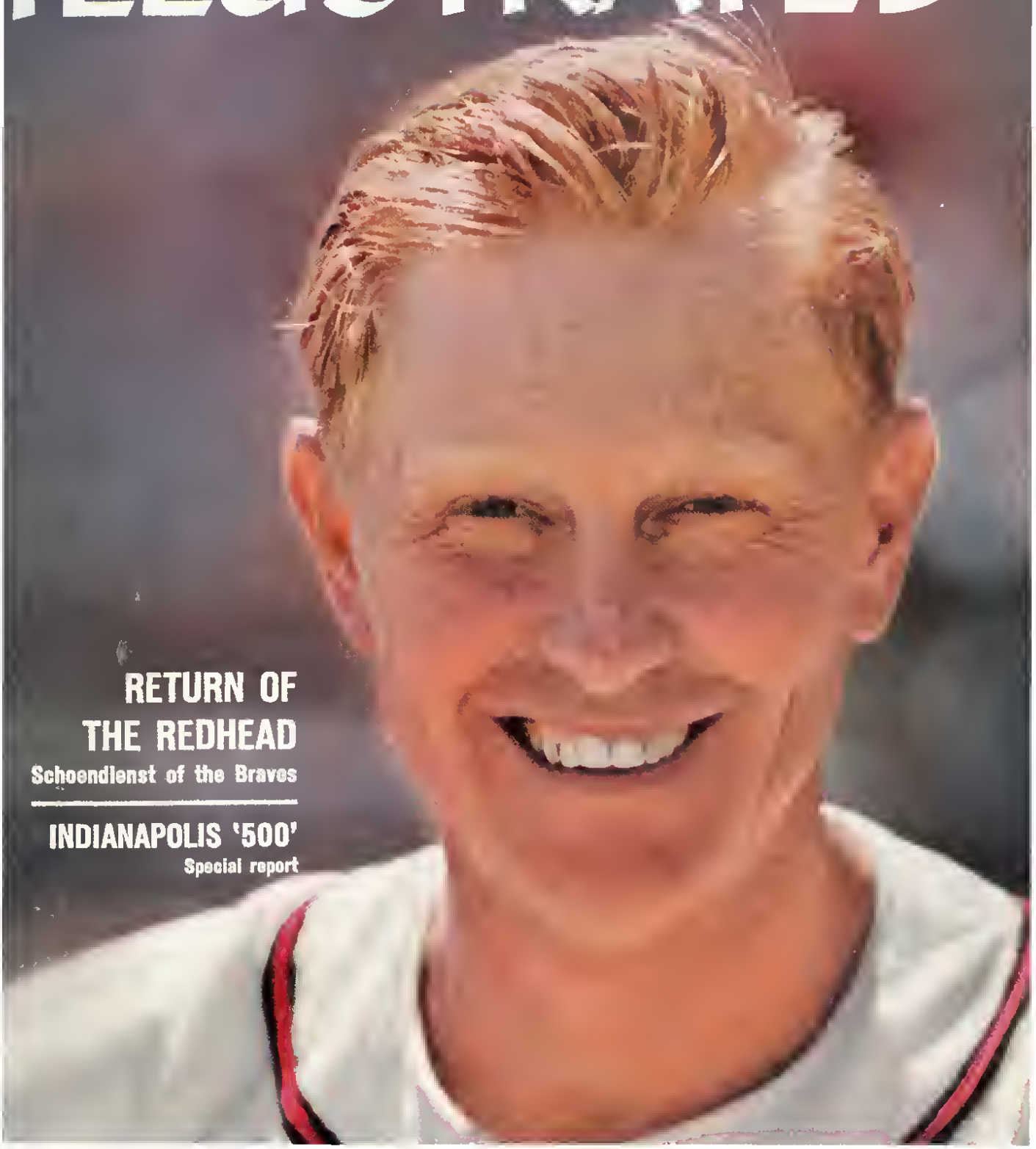
JUNE 6, 1960
America's National Sports Weekly
25 CENTS

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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Schoendienst of the Braves

INDIANAPOLIS '500'
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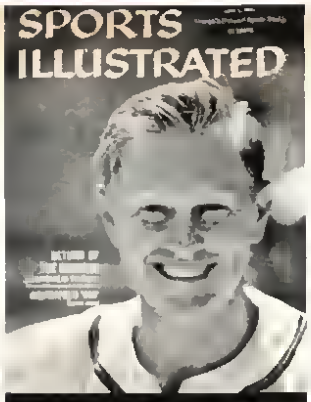
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Cover: Red Schoendienst ▶

Milwaukee's second baseman is more interested now in base hits than he is in his recent illness. James Murray reports in detail on a historic baseball comeback (*see page 34*).

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



▶ In this month's U.S. Open the stars of the future will face a stern challenge from some heroes of the recent past. Herbert Warren Wind reviews and previews golf's top event.

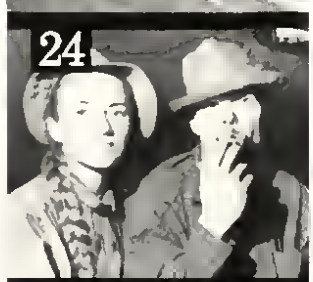
▶ A California kennel has adopted a radical program of testing and breeding that all dog owners should know about before they buy their next puppy. By Virginia Kraft.

▶ The new darling of the railbirds is Manuel Ycaza, the brilliant young jockey from Panama who often ruffles other riders with his daredevil tactics. By William Leggett.

Acknowledgments on page 90

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Contents

JUNE 6, 1960 *Volume 12, Number 23*

18 Upset on Schedule
Jim Beatty made up for Herb Elliott's absence by running a surprising 3:58 mile at Modesto

22 Bravery at the Brickyard
The jamming around the corners was intense in the fastest of all Indianapolis "500s"

24 Fun, Games and Death
Three Americans on a crazy expedition cause a sensation in South America

28 East Meets West
Boisterous Japanese boxing fans cheered wildly in Tokyo, but a Mexican champ had backers, too

34 Return of the Redhead
Milwaukee's Schoendienst, back after a year's absence, wants to forget his illness

45 The Cats Squelch the Catcalls
Carleton Mitchell casts his ballot in the dispute between catamariners and conservatives

52 Spectacle: Holiday at Eton
Its playing fields are used for champagne picnics as parents descend on the old school

74 No Time to Spare
Despite sour looks from the management, some bowlers are taking their own sweet time

78 A Man May Be A Duck's Mother
Odd things are happening in the name of science on the marshes of northern Manitoba

The departments

10 Scorecard
14 Coming Events
17 Editorials
58 Boxing
63 Track
66 Chess
69 Charles Goren
70 Golf
73 Tip from the Top
74 Bowling
77 Fitness
88 Baseball's Week
90 For the Record
93 19th Hole
96 Pat on the Back

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MEMO *from the publisher*

THE IMPORTANCE of names in sport is so obvious that ordinarily we hardly give it a second thought. One man who has lately done just that is the Chicago White Sox president, Bill Veeck. The result is a refreshing innovation by which such old familiar names as Aparicio, Wynn, Kluszewski, Pierce and Fox are more than ever with us because those who own them wear them on their backs for all to see. Names like these are at the very heart of sport, and the story of sport cannot be told without them. But their mention suggests what, in its way, I think, is no less an innovation than the White Sox shirts.

Traditionally, the coverage of sport has involved a company of actors as consistent as a repertory theater cast; the names you see in the box score are the names you see in the story. But the cast you are likely to meet in an average issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED includes a surprisingly diverse array of performers. If each week we were to alphabetize their names all in one place they would fill a whole page with pretty fine print. They would also fill many other things, from a concert stage to a political office, with other seemingly nonsporting stations in between. Perhaps it simply proves how pervasive a part of contemporary life sport has become. Anyway, for fun we counted the names in the May 23 issue. Excluding bylines, masthead and such regular fixtures, there were 396, including these:

ANDERSON, JUDITH
BETTINA
BONNET, GERARD
BOGART, HUMPHREY
BURNS, GEORGE
COUVE DE MURVILLE, MAURICE
CROSBY, BING
DUDLEY, EARL OF
EISENHOWER, DWIGHT D.
EUGENIE, EMPRESS
FIELD, MARSHALL, JR.
FLYNN, ERROL
FONTAINE, JOAN
FORD, HENRY
GORDON, MACK
GRACE, PRINCESS
GRAINGER, PERCY
GRUENTHER, ALFRED M.
HARDING, WARREN G.
HAYWORTH, RITA
HERTER, CHRISTIAN
JOYCE, FATHER EDMUND
KAUFMAN, GEORGE S.
KEFAUVER, ESTES
KENNEDY, JOHN
LITVINOFF, MAXIM
LLOYD, SELWYN
LUCE, CLARE BOOTHE
MARLBOROUGH, DUKE OF
MARX, THE BROTHERS
MAUGHAM, SOMERSET
MELBA, NELLIE
MENZIES, ROBERT GORDON
MERCHANT, LIVINGSTON T.
MINEO, SAL
NAPOLEON III
PADEREWSKI, IGNACE
RAFT, GEORGE
RITCHARD, CYRIL
STONE, LEWIS
VINSON, FRED
WINDSOR, DUKE AND DUCHESS OF
WOOD, GRANT
YOUNG, ROBERT R

Reading this issue, you might enjoy making a similar list of your own.

Sidney L. James

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Left Bob Cousy, Boston Celtic and Frank Gifford, New York Giant 70 miles east of the Hotel Arawak in Jamaica photos by Tom Kelley

Above Expedition members Frank Gifford (All-American War Hero Military Bob Cousy Art Pinney

Cousy and Gifford in the new Jantzen Beachniks

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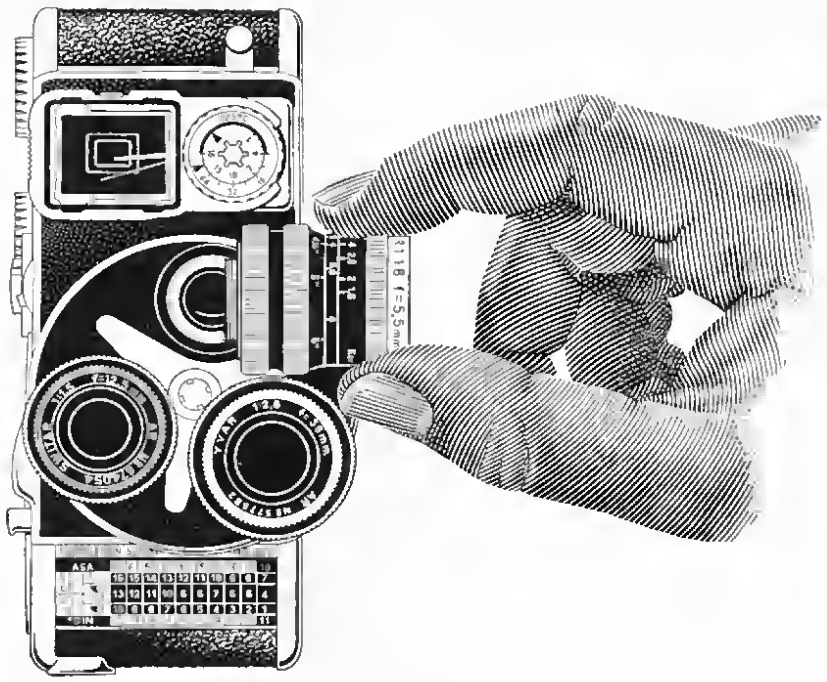
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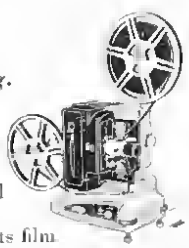
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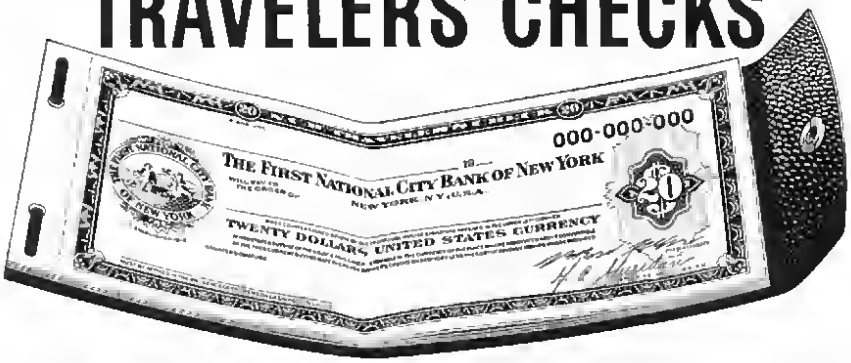
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Events and Discoveries of the Week

HORROR MOVIE

Twilight was gathering when Floyd Patterson walked out on the front porch of his training camp and said to nobody in particular: "Well, this is the hour. . . . There comes a time when you have to face it, and this is it."

For weeks the films of Patterson's loss to Ingemar Johansson had been gathering dust at the camp. Nobody wanted to push Patterson into watching the pain and the agony of his defeat, but everybody knew that he would have to study the pictures sooner or later. Now he was ready, and into the viewing room with him went Trainer Dan Florio, Sports Editor Louis Chantigny of Montreal's *Le Petit Journal* and several others. No one spoke as Patterson himself set up the projector, snapped a switch and sat back, fingernails to mouth, his face a mask.

"There wasn't a sound at first," says Chantigny. "You could see he was trying to keep all expression off his face. But he looked like a guy who was going to get killed."

Suddenly it was the third round, and Patterson-on-film was on the floor. Patterson-in-the-flesh buried his head in his hands and groaned, "Gee, how could I be so bad?"

But he seemed to relax as disaster followed disaster. By the fifth knockdown he was smiling, and at the knockout he seemed genuinely relieved. When the lights went up, everybody started talking at once. "He had leverage on you." "You should have bobbed and weaved." "Don't let him get set. . . ." Patterson said: "I should have looked at the pictures a long time ago. I know now that I can never be as bad as what I've seen."

The film was rewound and started again. Patterson sat quietly, unsmiling. When he saw himself hit the deck for the third time, he said, "That's enough!" Nobody moved. Patterson stalked across the room and pulled the plug. He was coldly furious, and mostly at himself.

FALSE ALARM

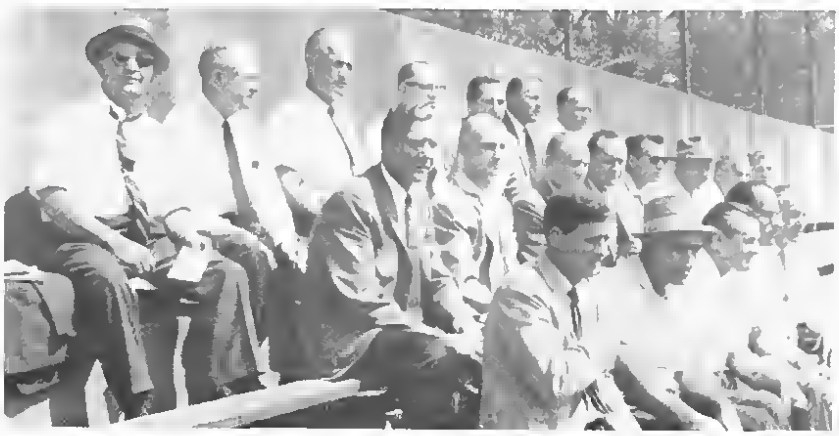
The Texas interscholastic league stripped the Stamford High School football team of its state championship the other day. The reason: one of the team's players, a 220-pound center named Wendell Ray Robinson, had gone to live at the local firehouse when his parents moved from town, and Stamford boosters had paid for his room and board. Robinson ostensibly had worked for his keep, but the league decided that his firehouse duties were somewhat nebulous. "My job was to operate the radio," Robinson explained, "and tell the police when the fire truck went out. But I never needed to." Small wonder. The Stamford fire and police departments are housed in the same building.

END OF THE RAINBOW?

Utah's Rainbow Bridge is due for a dunking when a power dam being built on the Colorado River is completed. The only thing that can save Rainbow, the world's largest natural bridge, is a protective buffer dam. But the House Appropriations Committee has turned down a $3\frac{1}{2}$ million request for the buffer, arguing the whole project would cost a pot of gold —at least $23 million.

NEW FOREIGN AGENT

The Bureau of Internal Revenue, which has forced a number of other citizens into odd financial corners, has now transformed the great Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis into a shill for Fidel Castro's nonconvertible, anti-American Cuban government. At one time Louis owed a million and a quarter in taxes. The Bureau has squeezed some of it out of him, and is still squeezing, although Joe is given a sort of allowance out of income—"leaving him with some hope he can live," as Commissioner of Internal Revenue Dana Latham puts it. The commissioner



WHAT'S EVERYBODY LOOKING AT?

These attentive bleacherites are scouts for 13 major league clubs. They assembled in Pittsburgh the other day to look over a left-handed young man named Sam McDowell (*right*). A 17-year-old senior at Central Catholic High School, Sam has pitched 40 no-hitters over a nine-year baseball career. According to the rules, of course, the scouts can't do anything about Sam until he's out of school. But graduation day is this Sunday, and guess who's going to be waiting for Sam when he gets home with his sheepskin?

adds: "He cannot make any large amounts of money. His earning days are over."

In the interest of living with some hope, Louis turned to a milk company, a recording company and public relations. Now, in his latest venture, he is vice-president of the Louis-Rowe-Fisher-Lockhart Enterprises, Inc., of New York—and a registered foreign agent. The firm has a contract with Castro's tourist bureau for $287,000 to promote vacations and conventions in Cuba, especially among American Negroes.

Louis, who is one of Floyd Patterson's psychoanalysts and a spy for Patterson on Johansson's revolutionary maneuvers at Grossinger's (the Swedish Sverdlovsk), says firmly: "We have nothing to do with politics. All we do is develop tourism for the Cuban tourist bureau."

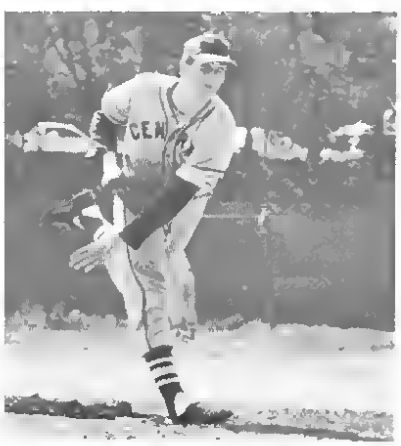
Joe is not the first champion to try to mend his tattered fortunes in Havana. We are living with some hope that he has better luck than Jack Johnson.

TEE WITH MILK

The epicurean cows of Farmer Tom Fieldson of Gainsborough, England are driving golfers on an adjoining course to distraction. Fieldson's cows eat all golf balls hit into the rough, even race out on the fairways to slurp up well-hit drives. Their take on one recent weekend was 200 balls.

CASH AND CARRY

Anyone still eager to bet that the new eight-team American Football League won't get started next September should at least know this: the AFL already has sold $1,200,000 worth of tickets for its first season. A check around the league shows that the Los Angeles Chargers lead in advance sales with 9,000 season tickets delivered, 5,000 more on order. Of special interest are the figures from Dallas, where the AFL's Texans are competing with the National Football League's new Cowboys. The Texans have now sold 4,000 tickets, well above the entire preseason total of an earlier (1952) NFL team in that city. Cash aside, league officials also are happily surprised at the amount of playing talent available. Says Commissioner Joe Foss, "We first set the player limit at 60 per team, then expanded to 70. Now we're removing all limits. It will cost our teams more than we anticipated, but that's the way they want it. This is a very encouraging condition."



FITNESS NOTE (CONT.)

In a Woonsocket, R.I. parade, units representing Culture, The Spirit and Social Service marched on foot, while the unit representing Athletics rode in a convertible—top down.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Strapped for cash to continue his medical studies at Western Reserve University, David Jenkins, 23, Olympic figure skating gold medalist, turned in his good conduct medal (amateur division), joined the professional Ice Follies troupe for one season. . . . The State of Maryland has tendered a $37,500 sales tax bill to the new owners of Bally Ache, bought after the Kentucky Derby for $1¼ million. Lexington's Joseph Arnold, who heads the owning syndicate, says he purchased the horse from Leonard Fruchtman in Kentucky (no sales tax until July) and does not propose to pay a tax in Maryland (where the deal was first announced). . . . Major Felix A. (Doc) Blanchard, the redoubtable fullback who made football history with Glenn Davis at West Point in the mid-'40s, was made chief of the Air Force's 77th Tactical Fighter Squadron in England, his first command. . . . Miler Ron Delany, missing from current Coast races because of sacroiliac pains, plans to test his aching back at the New York Athletic Club meet this Saturday at the shorter distance of 880 yards.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JULIE KAY PRATT, 18, a brown-eyed beauty from Ball State Teachers College, Muncie, Ind., was crowned queen of the "500" Festival, given assignment of bussing winner of Indianapolis "500" on brow—an honor usually reserved for movie starlets.



TED WILLIAMS, 12-year-old Charlotte, N.C. Little Leaguer who was named for Major Leaguer Williams by an admiring father, revealed his own baseball potential when he pitched three consecutive no-hitters. The new "splinter" bats left, throws right.



DORIS SEVERTSEN, 17, a Gig Harbor, Wash high school student who's been running competitively for only a year, astounded the gallery at track meet in Ft. Lewis, Wash. when she ran 880 yards in 2:25 to break the listed American women's record.



JOHN KONSEK of Buffalo led Purdue to its third straight Big Ten golf title, as well as his own third Big Ten championship. Only 20, Konsek defeated National Amateur Champion Jack Nicklaus by shooting 2-under-par 282 for 72 holes at East Lansing, Mich.



ALFREDO MARTINEZ of San Antonio's Mexican Baptist Children's Home went fishing for first time when he joined more than 1,200 other youngsters in city's annual Kids Fishing Tournament, won orphans' event when he landed a 9-ounce black bass



STEVE CLARK, 16, of Los Altos, California, proved himself strong Olympic prospect when he smashed two high school swimming records (and bettered two collegiate records) by splashing 50-yard freestyle in 21.8 and 100-yard freestyle in 48.4 at Santa Clara.





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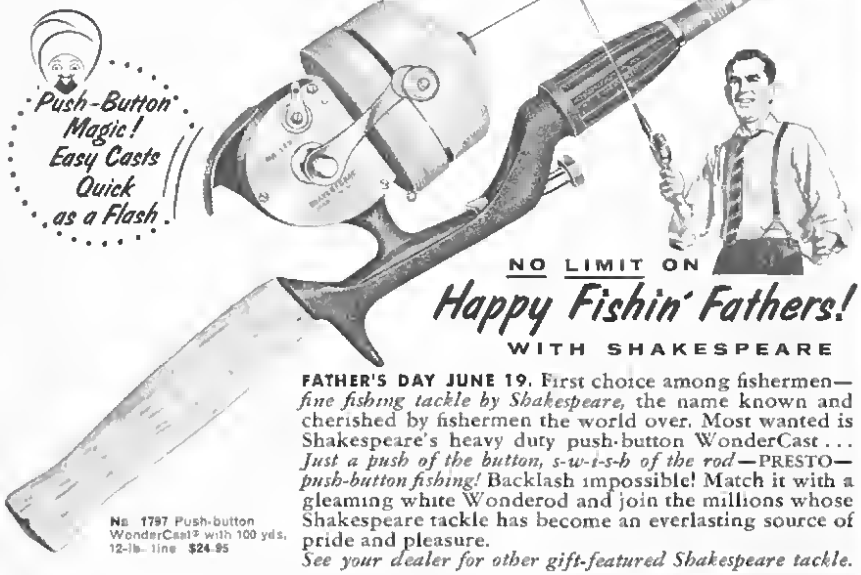


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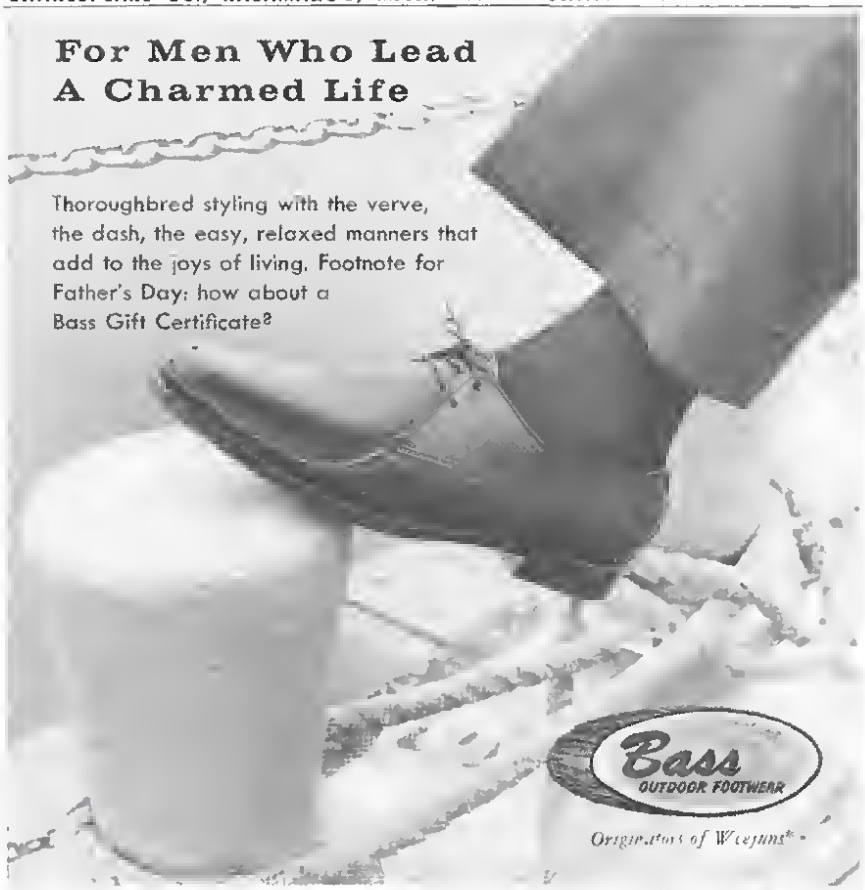
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COMING EVENTS

June 3 to June 9

All times are E D T

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, June 3

BOXING
◉ Griffith vs. Fernandez, welters, 10 rds., New
■ York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

SHOOTING
Pan-American Skeet Champs., Dallas (through June 5).

TRACK & FIELD
Compton Invitational, Compton, Calif.
NAIA Champs., Sioux Falls, S. Dak. (also June 4)

Saturday, June 4

BASEBALL
◉ Boston at New York (CBS)*
◉ Cincinnati at Milwaukee (NBC)*
■ Kansas City at Chicago (Mutual)*
• St. Louis at San Francisco (ABC)*

HORSE RACING
◉ Hollywood Express Handicap, $25,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif. (CBS-TV Pacific)*
Top Flight Handicap, *$50,000 added,* Belmont Park, New York

LACROSSE
Navy at Army

MOTOR SPORTS
SCCA On Wisconsin Nat'l. Rally, Wisconsin Dells, Wisc. (also June 5)

SOARING
World Championship, Cologne, Germany (through June 19)

TENNIS
Menlo Circus Club Invitational, Atherton, Calif. (also June 5).

TRACK & FIELD
Central Collegiate Conference Champs., Milwaukee

Sunday, June 5

BASEBALL
◉ Cincinnati at Milwaukee (NBC TV, Mutual-
■ radio)*
• Detroit at Cleveland (CBS)*

GOLF
◉ World Championship Golf series, Middlecoff vs. January, 5 p.m. (NBC)

MOTOR SPORTS
USAC Big Car series champs., Milwaukee
Grand Prix of Holland, Zandvoort, The Netherlands (also June 6)

Monday, June 6

GOLF
Southern Amateur, Myrtle Beach, S.C. (through June 11).

Tuesday, June 7

BASEBALL
■ Chicago at New York (Mutual)*

GOLF
U.S. Seniors' Golf Assn. Championship, Rye, N.Y. (also June 8)

HORSE SHOW
Pin Oak Charity, Houston (through June 12).

TENNIS
Blue and Gray Champs., Montgomery, Ala. (through June 12)

Wednesday, June 8

BASEBALL
■ Pittsburgh at Chicago (Mutual)*

BOXING
• Machen vs. Johnson, heavies, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)

GOLF
LPGA Triangle Round Robin, $12,000, Elmsford, N.Y. (through June 12)

Thursday, June 9

BASEBALL
■ Chicago at New York (Mutual).*

GOLF
Oklahoma City Open, $30,000, Oklahoma City (through June 12)

HARNESS RACING
International Pace, $50,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

HORSE RACING
Spring Steeplechase, $12,500 added, Belmont Park, New York

HORSE SHOW
Oak Brook Show, Hinsdale, Ill. (through June 12)

* See local listing



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Happy American Sheen Frat Bermudas—$ 5.00

B —'Merican Authentic Down Sportshirt—$5.95.
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EDITORIALS

WHO WON AT WATERLOO

Since we live in an age of disillusionment it probably will cause our readers no great shock to learn on page 52 that the Duke of Wellington never did say those things about the playing fields of Eton and the victory at Waterloo. The remark long attributed to the Iron Duke was, as a matter of fact, put in his mouth posthumously by a mid-19th century French historian badly in need of a ringing phrase to liven a dull political passage. Regardless of its origin, however, the quasi quote managed to embody a significant truth and so at this particular stage of the world's history we, at least, relinquish it with reluctance.

It is one thing to dismiss a tired old cliché and quite another to renounce the underlying truth that gave it currency for many years. The fashion today is to pretend that a schoolboy's games and the serious business of living in an adult world have little in common, that sport has no place in education, and that the wars of the future will be won with textbooks alone. "Schools are a place for work" is the way the new atomic Navy's Admiral Hyman G. Rickover puts it, and his views are reflected in those of many top educators.

It may be that this philosophy will provide the world with better guided missiles but we doubt that it will provide it with better people. Man does not always need to make war, but he does need to strive and to win, to prove himself to himself as well as to others.

Last winter in a report on the junior high schools of the nation, Harvard's ex-President James Bryant Conant expressed his "shock" at finding "an almost vicious overemphasis on athletics." Since Dr. Conant is a thoughtful man, one must respect his conclusion while not necessarily agreeing with it—but even Dr. Conant must admit that the American tendency to want to produce winning teams on any level reflects a national desire to excel.

Another Harvardman, the late William James, has described sport as a moral kind of warfare. To teach a schoolboy how to grow in strength and skill and how to win without malice in an atmosphere of fair play seems to us a pretty vital part of education—regardless of who won at Waterloo.

IN LIEU OF GIANTS

Sport drew the world a little closer together last week when some of Europe's top footballers arrived in New York City for an off-season season of international soccer. This experiment in global unity was no bit of dreamy idealism on the part of well-intentioned do-gooders, but a solidly businesslike and sense-making piece of sports promotion, and as such we applaud it.

Soccer is the No. 1 spectator sport everywhere but in the U.S. Since the defection of National League baseball to the West Coast, New Yorkers have been hungry for a good summertime sport. Since New York is a cosmopolitan town, veteran Sports Promoter William D. Cox concluded it might prove a fertile field for soccer. He accordingly arranged to bring 11 of the world's best teams into the vacated Polo Grounds for a full season of interclub play. "If we can just average 10,000 fans a game," said Cox, "we'll probably do all right." The desired 10,000 was exactly what he got last week at the first game (between Scotland's Kilmarnock and Germany's Bayern-Munchen). This is pretty small pickings by the standards of Europe, where crowds of 100,000-plus are common. But the 10,000 New Yorkers themselves saw some fast and thrilling sport in the old home of the Giants. And in Germany's lithe Arpad Fazekas they found a potential hero who can tend goal with some of the skill and excitement of a Willie Mays in center field.



1ST LAP BEATTY LEADS TABORI AROUND TURN BY STEP



2ND LAP TABORI PACES BEATTY WHILE BURLESON LAGS BEHIND

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
JUNE 6, 1960

AN UPSET ON

by TEX MAULE

ON a poorly lighted track in a small town in central California last Saturday night an underrated boy from North Carolina ran the fastest mile ever run by an American citizen. He ran it in a race which began with a crushing anticlimax—the withdrawal of the Australian world record holder, Herb Elliott. In winning, short, dark Jimmy Beatty soundly defeated the new beau ideal of U.S. track men, Dyrol Burleson, the Oregon youngster who ran 3:58.6 late in April. Beatty might even have beaten Elliott. He ran 3:58, and he did it by following almost exactly the instructions given him by his coach, Mihaly Igloi, the expatriate Hungarian (SI, Nov. 21, '55) who defected from his Communist-ruled homeland after the 1956 Olympics. Igloi now coaches at the Santa Clara Valley Youth Village in California, for which Beatty runs. After the race Igloi, who seldom says anything, said a mouthful: he announced that Beatty was really a 5,000-meter runner and that he would no longer compete as a miler. "The 5,000-meter at Rome," Igloi said. "No more mile."

Miler or not—and Beatty this week will run the 5,000 meters at the Compton Relays in Los Angeles—the 25-year-old runner's performance in the Modesto Relays' feature race was near perfection. As is almost always true in an event as important as this one, each of the runners had a preconceived tactical plan. Burleson, the favorite once Elliott had scratched, was going to stay up about 15 yards behind the pace setter.

George Larson, an Oregon teammate of Burleson, had a simple assignment—to run each quarter in 61 seconds. Bill Dellinger, an ex-Oregon runner whose specialty also is the 5,000 meters, wanted a fast early pace. He does not have the speed of Burleson or Elliott, and his only hope was to deny them their finishing kick by running them down early.



3RD LAP TABORI LEADS BEATTY, BUT BURLESON CLOSES THE GAP



4TH LAP BURLESON LABORS AS BEATTY PULLS AWAY

Photographs by Phil Bath

SCHEDULE

Coach Mihaly Igloi had told Jim Beatty just how he should figure out tha biggest mile race of the year, and it didn't seem to matter much whether world champion Elliott was in the running or not

Beatty and Laszlo Tabori, the ex-Hungarian star who defected with Igloi and who still runs for him, had no idea, even late in the afternoon, what their tactical plan would be. After an early-morning workout—they were out on the track sprinting up and down the grass infield at 7 a.m.—they rested in the hotel in downtown Modesto, waiting for Igloi to tell them what to do.

"I don't know how I'll run," Beatty said. "Igloi hasn't told me. I'll run however he says."

Igloi briefed his two runners only a couple of hours before the race. His instructions were precise and detailed almost to the 10th of a second. The first quarter mile was to be run in 57 seconds, with Beatty setting the pace. The time at the half mile was to be between 1:57 and 1:58, with Tabori leading the way on the second lap. The first 150 yards of the third lap was to be a period of relaxation, with both Tabori and Beatty floating—not running hard but not dropping back, either. Then they were to run hard enough to finish the three-quarters in three minutes flat.

"The last lap was dog eat dog," Beatty said later. "We were on our own."

Herb Elliott had a battle plan, too. But Monday evening, running eight miles over a hilly golf course at Morro Bay, California, about halfway between Los Angeles and San Francisco, he felt a slight click in his right knee. Tuesday, running at the Santa Clara Valley Youth Village track, where Igloi trains his stable of runners, he jogged for 30 minutes, not running all-out, tentatively testing the knee. It did not bother him. Wednesday he ran 36 holes over the municipal golf course in Modesto, and the knee hurt him a bit when he finished. Thursday he had X rays taken and talked to Dr. R. S. Osterholm, an osteopathic specialist in Modesto.

"He told me it was an inflamed gristle or tendon behind the knee-

continued

cap," Elliott said. "Like your baseball pitchers get in their shoulders sometimes. A pitcher can throw all-out only about every four days. If he tries to throw more often than that, his arm gets sore. The same thing happened to my knee."

On Saturday, the day of the race, Elliott tried to sprint all-out for the first time since he had felt the click in his knee on the Morro Bay golf course. "All-out, it felt as though I had an iron band around the knee," he said. "It was very painful. Dr. Osterholm told me I shouldn't run. I wanted to compete very much because of Tom Moore. He's a very good friend. [Moore is the promoter of the Modesto meet, and Elliott was his house guest.] But I couldn't have run well. Why run a five-minute mile? It was the worst decision I have ever had to make. And it was the worst emotional anticlimax of my life."

Elliott made his decision not to run about 10 minutes before the race began. He told Moore, and then he walked sadly away across the warmup area toward the dressing room, his face in his hands. He did not watch the race. Instead he dressed and went back to Moore's house.

On Sunday Elliott was still undecided whether or not to run this week at the Compton Relays. His manager on the tour, George Carruthers, was strongly against it and urged Herb to return to Australia as soon as possible, but Elliott felt that he had a commitment to run at Compton. His doctor definitely felt that Elliott should rest for three or four weeks.

Elliott had planned to stay off the pace for the first two and a half laps, then kick for the last 660 yards. None of the other carefully planned strategies in this race—all predicated on what Elliott might do—had anticipated so long a finishing kick.

But Elliott's withdrawal came so late that it had no effect on the tactical maneuvers of the other runners. At the gun, Beatty, following Igloi's orders, took the lead. He is a small man—5 feet 6 and 128 pounds—and he runs nearly straight up, with his chest out, churning away on muscular sprinter's legs. He ran the first lap in 57.9 seconds, less than a second off Igloi's timetable. Just as he finished the lap Tabori, on schedule, took over. Burleson, following his plan, stayed in third place well off the pace.

Tabori hit the half-mile mark in 1:58, right on Igloi's timetable, with Beatty a stride behind and Burleson still following—as *he* had planned—10 yards behind. And at the three-quarter-mile mark Tabori was in the lead at 2:59.7. Beatty, exactly on the 10th of a second, finished the third lap in three minutes flat, as Igloi had told him to do. Burleson had begun to close up by now, preparing for his strong finishing kick, and he was only a few strides behind Beatty.

In the last lap—the "dog eat dog" lap for Tabori and Beatty—Igloi's wisdom was quickly apparent. He had planned the race to destroy the finishing kicks of both Elliott and Burleson. Now Burleson, worn down more than he realized by the killing early pace, tried to pass Tabori and Beatty, who had moved into the lead, on the backstretch. He got past Tabori, but Beatty, hearing him coming, began his own kick and held him off by half a yard. They went around the last turn a yard apart. Then Beatty, running very strongly, drew away and left the laboring Burleson eight yards behind at the finish. His time was 3:58, Burleson's 3:59.2, Tabori's 4:00.0.

"This is the first time since I've been running that I didn't have any kick at the end," Burleson said after the race. "I made that last turn and said to myself, 'Where's the kick?' and it wasn't there. They burned it out of me. That Beatty is America's best miler. I'll have to train hard to beat that guy."

Of course, if Igloi's plans materialize and his new star concentrates on the 5,000 meters, Burleson may not have to run against Beatty any more. Beatty? He agrees with Igloi.

"We do what he tells us," he said at Modesto. "I don't even know how much running I do in practice. Igloi says run so fast for so many yards, and I do it and come back, and he tells me what else to do. I don't worry. He knows how fast I can run and what distance I should run. He told me here to run the first quarter in 57. I was surprised, but I knew if he said I could do it I could. So I did—nearly. If he says run 5,000 meters, I'll run that. I have complete faith in him."

Beatty first encountered Igloi at the University of North Carolina, when Beatty was an undergraduate. Jim was a competent but comparatively obscure distance runner in his varsity career (1955-57) at Carolina. He won the Atlantic Coast Conference mile and two-mile titles indoors three years running, and he won the



EX-HUNGARIAN COACH MIHALY IGLOI HAS A NEW PRIZE IN AMERICA'S JIM BEATTY

outdoor mile twice. He won the two-mile run at the Penn Relays twice but lost to Lew Stieglitz by inches in 1957 when both runners did 9:01.7. In 1955 he finished second to Oregon's Ken Reiser in the National Collegiate two-mile championship, and in 1956 he finished second to Oregon's Bill Dellinger in the NCAA 5,000 meters. He tried but failed in 1956 to qualify for the U.S. Olympic team at 5,000 meters.

Beatty met Igloi after the Olympics when the Hungarian spent four months at Chapel Hill. "I decided then that if I ran after graduation, I wanted to run under Igloi," Beatty said. "After I graduated, I went into the Army, and when I got out, I didn't run at all. Then last October, with the Olympic year coming up, I decided to run again. So I quit my job and came out to Santa Clara to Igloi to train because I thought I owed it to myself to do my best. I've been working with him six months. It's hard work, but it's rewarding. He's a great coach."

This past winter Beatty beat Max Truex in the two-mile run at the Los Angeles Invitational in 8:57 and then brought off the upset of the indoor season when he caught Burleson at the tape in 4:05.4 in the Baxter Mile at the New York Athletic Club meet in Madison Square Garden. The week after the Baxter Mile he married his college-days sweetheart, Barbara Harmon, in Charlotte, N.C. Both Beatty and his wife work at Lockheed's Missile and Space Division in Sunnyvale, Calif., near Santa Clara. He is a statistical clerk.

Igloi is a most secretive teacher. Bud Winter, who coaches the San Jose State track team, has been watching Igloi in action for a couple of years now and says that he has no idea what his system is.

"We run relaxed," Beatty said. "Maybe that's part of Igloi's secret. We didn't think about winning the race. He thought we could win, but he didn't give us the responsibility of winning. He believes in work. His favorite saying is, 'Hard work must make.' "

Igloi tells his runners what to do, times them, then tucks his stop watch in his pocket without telling them what kind of time they ran. He has 16 runners training with him at Santa Clara and is already planning for the 1964 Olympics at Tokyo. **END**

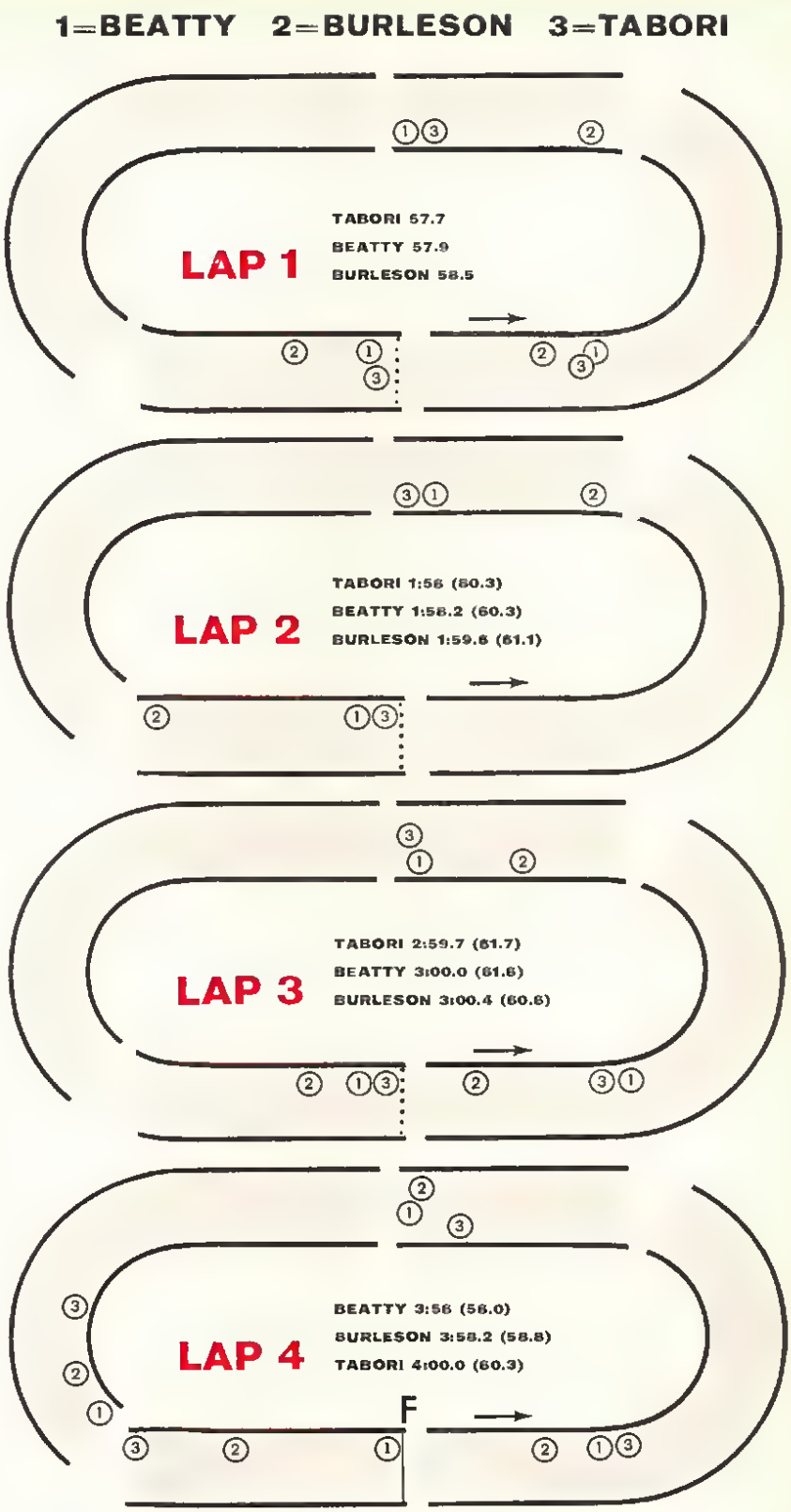


CHART OF RACE shows lap-by-lap progress of one-mile run at Modesto Relays when Jim Beatty (1) upset Dyrol Burleson (2) and Laszlo Tabori (3) in 3:58 flat. Numbered circles indicate relative positions of the three runners (there were seven starters, but none of the others was a factor at any time) in key segments of the track at various points during the four-lap race. Each circle is equivalent to about one yard of distance. Lap times and cumulative times of each of the three runners are also indicated.

Photographs by Art Shay

A PRACTICALLY PERFECT RACE AT INDY

Jim Rathmann's '500' was the fastest ever. Only one driver was hurt, but a makeshift stand toppled to mar the day

by ALFRED WRIGHT

IT'S a good bet that if Tony Hulman, the cheerful and generous racetrack impresario who owns and runs the Indianapolis Speedway, could write the script for his 500-mile race in advance, it would turn out to be a lot like the 1960 version he staged last Monday. In 31-year-old Jim Rathmann he had a new Speedway champion—which is always dramatic and pleasing to the faithful. The speed of the race set new records all the way from start to finish, and Rathmann's final average of 138.632 mph was almost three mph faster than Rodger Ward's record average of last year. There was only one accident of any consequence—Eddie Russo spun and hit the outside wall at the southeast turn on the 87th lap—and Russo's injury was not serious.

Although the Speedway keeps such statistics to itself, it is probable that the paid customers outnumbered any gathering in the past. It would be safe to estimate that as many as 200,000 were present when the bombs went off and the colored balloons went up and Hulman told the 33 drivers: "Gentlemen, start your engines."

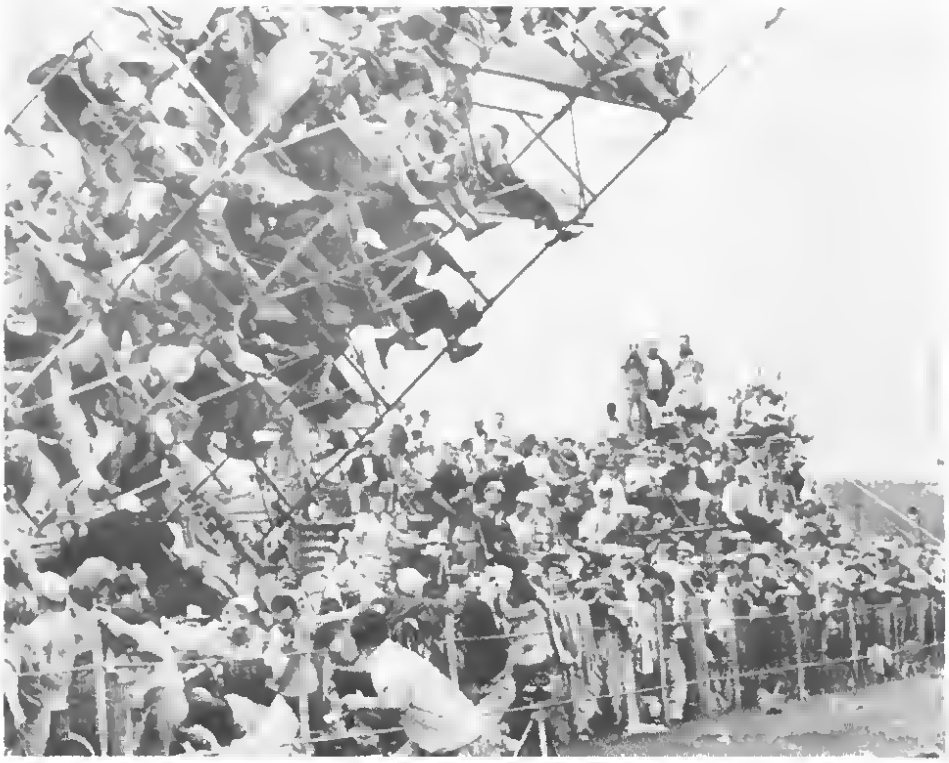
It was just a moment later, however, that this nearly ideal "500" was marred by a freak accident. Through the years it has been the custom for many of the tens of thousands who jam the infield to set up makeshift scaffoldings alongside their cars to get a better view of the racing. The more ambitious even sell space on these spidery contraptions, some of them three stories high. While Hulman's pace car was leading the racers on their preliminary parade lap Monday, one of these towers collapsed and dumped a tangle of humanity to the muddy ground below. Two people were killed in the mess and more than 70 were injured, but they could scarcely be considered casualties of racing.

The race itself was unlike any "500" of recent history in that it was a two-car contest virtually from start to finish. One car, of course, was Rathmann's, the other Ward's. Right up until the last five or six miles the new winner was fighting wheel to wheel with the defending champ for the title. This was a particular treat to watch, for it so often happens during the long grind at Indianapolis that the pace setters, the fastest cars, break under the strain and the prize goes to the steady plugger who just lays back and waits.

But not this year. Rathmann and Ward, each driving one of the four new cars built by A. J. Watson, started side by side in the front row. During the early and middle stages they were seriously pressed by Eddie Sachs in the pole car and Johnny Thomson, a perennial contender, but neither Sachs nor Thomson had a car that could go the distance.

With the race three-quarters over, there was an extraordinary moment. Keep in mind that for 375 miles Rathmann and Ward had been grabbing the lead from one another every few laps like a couple of dogs arguing over a bone. Their speeds were slight-

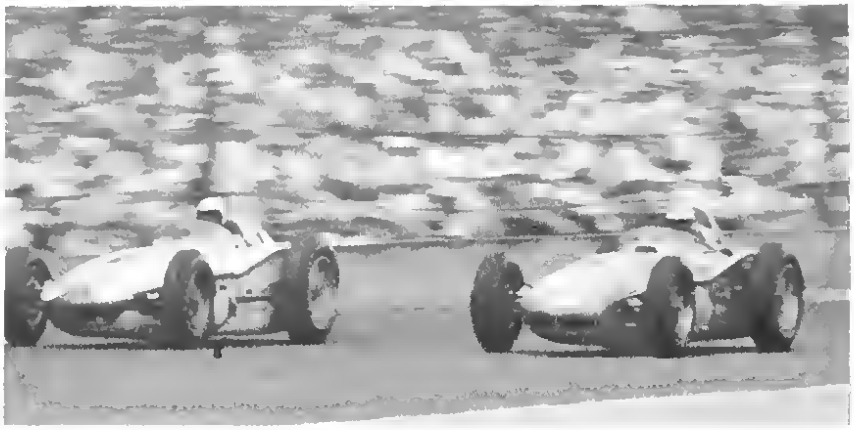
TERRIFYING TUMBLE of homemade aluminum-tube tower killed two spectators. Stand was one of many erected by private promoters to exploit the overflow crowd.



Associated Press



ONLY SECONDS APART, Ward *(top left)* comes out of pit after 151st lap ahead of Rathmann (4), who is still on jacks. They passed and repassed each other *(below, Ward leading)* until two laps from finish, when Ward's tires gave out.



ly fantastic, with each sometimes turning laps as fast as 145. On the 151st lap, with Ward leading by no more than a car length, both sped into the pits for new tires and fuel.

In just under 20 seconds Ward's car was rolling again, while Rathmann's took two seconds longer. Now the gap was more than 100 yards instead of just inches, but Rathmann caught up and repassed Ward to resume their duel. Sachs by now was out of the race, but Thomson, who had closed to within nine seconds of the leaders, was still very much in it.

Up in the press box, a man who knows what he is talking about thought that a strategic mistake had been made. He pointed out that both Rathmann and Ward had been getting less than 50 laps with their tires and that both might have to make another pit stop. So now it was a matter of which driver could go all the rest of the way without another interruption, and if neither could it would then be Thomson's race.

On they went, Rathmann in his light blue Ken-Paul Special, Ward in his white and red Leader Card 500 Roadster, first one, then the other in the lead. With less than 10 laps left, it was Thomson who failed, pulling into the pits with a smoking engine. Rathmann and Ward hurried on and, as they passed the pits with only three laps to go, Ward started gesticulating frantically to his crew. The next time they came around, Rathmann led by several hundred yards, and it was obvious that the race was his if he could keep going. Ward, with his right rear tire worn down to the cord, had slowed considerably and abandoned the chase. He knew he couldn't keep up with Rathmann, so he decided to settle for a safe second.

•

As Jim Rathmann, the new Indianapolis champion, drove happily through the pits on his way to Victory Lane, Ward's crew, headed by A. J. Watson himself, stood in a group in their white coveralls and gave him a rousing cheer. Even though Ward had lost, the race confirmed Watson's reputation (SI, May 30) as the reigning genius of the Speedway. For the second straight year the cars he built finished one-two.

When they put the mike in front of him, Jim Rathmann was graciousness itself. "I figured," said the grease-painted winner, "that Rodger had a little more steam than I did, and my right front tire was getting down to the cord, and I didn't know what to do. It was sure a relief."

Graciousness, however, is not the first quality that comes to mind in considering Rathmann. A scowl is the expression most often found on the youthful face of this 31-year-old Californian who is certainly one of the most intense competitors in sport anywhere. Having grown up through racing's farm system of hot rods, stock cars and sprint cars, he first drove at The Brickyard in 1949 and has since put in 4,870 miles there in actual competition.

Oddly, Jim's parents gave him the name of Richard. His brother, also a top driver, who went out of the race early with brake failure, was christened James. Jim took his older brother's name years ago when he was too young to qualify for a racing license, and since then each brother has kept the other's name. Jim (the current Jim) now lives in Miami with his wife Kay and baby Jim, and there runs a speed shop, selling parts for hot rods and other racing cars.

Last Monday was Jim Rathmann's day, but more important than the victory was the manner in which it was achieved. Rathmann and his rivals proved that automobile racing is a sport that doesn't need bloodshed to provide its thrills. **END**



IGNORING GREASE, happy Kay Rathmann kisses her husband in Victory Lane.

FUN, GAMES AND DEATH IN THE ANDES

Three Americans on a crazy expedition cause a sensation in Colombia

THE CLASSIC adventure story of our time is really a tale of misadventure. Some inexperienced vacationers become trapped in inaccessible terrain, and most of the local manpower is required to bring them down from the mountains or tote them out of the woods. In Colombia, at the moment, the country is enthralled by a story of jungle rescue to end all such stories—almost an epic of inexperience—involving a young American couple who lightheartedly joined a group of natives on an expedition into the country east of the Andes.

The Americans were Mark and Susan Cantrell, handsome, self-possessed, good-natured young people, who first entered the picture sauntering upstream along the Magdalena River, their light luggage strapped on a pregnant donkey. They said they were going to look for a night-flying bird called the *guacharo* during their vacation in Colombia.

About 185 miles from Bogotá the Magdalena curves through rich grazing country to the old town of Gigante, and the Cantrells left the riverbank and walked three miles into the city, where they ran into a situation that promised more excitement and interest than could be found in nocturnal bird watching.

The next week a Gigante-backed-and-financed expedition was to cross the 9,000-foot-high Miraflores Range to the east. This expedition was the dream of Mayor Humberto Avecedo Falla of Gigante. For years people had talked about two wonderful valleys that were supposed to lie just over the mountains. Why shouldn't the villagers cut their own trail to the fertile region where there would be acres enough for every farmer?

Living in Gigante was a stocky, 34-year-old American lumberman named Edward Yates, who operated a sawmill near by. Yates made the American strangers welcome, and Gigante was electrified to learn that all three were interested in the great project for opening up the unknown valleys. Now, the townspeople assured one another, the project was bound to succeed. Machete-swingers were hired to cut the trail, and old Vincente Mosquera, who had crossed the mountains with cinchona bark cutters 50 years before, signed on as guide. Mayor Avecedo, sincere and idealistic, would lead the expedition in person. Dr. Victorino Gonzalez, the local physician, was to be on hand to care for the health of all. Nothing was left to chance. Food for 12 days was to be carried, even though it would take only six days to reach the tiny settlement of Puerto Rico, and the valleys were between Puerto Rico and Gigante.

So the whole of Gigante stirred with pleased laughter and excitement on the Monday morning in March when the expedition set out. The jeeps bounced over the bumpy roads as far as Yates's sawmill, where the party spent the first night. Then the roads were left behind, and the expedition began to climb the mountains.

The old trail was found quickly enough, and Mosquera was sure this was the way he had come gathering bark in his youth. But the regrowth of the low Andean forest was almost impenetrable. The party threaded through innumerable mountain streams, crossing and recrossing. They waded through deep herbaceous plants and ferns, the villagers cutting the heavy, resilient strands matted between the tree trunks.

Susan Cantrell kept up with the men. She was neatly groomed, and lithe and graceful, and so uncomplaining that Mayor Avecedo got into the habit of speeding up stragglers by saying, "If the gringa can do it, so can you."

After six days, when they should have been drawing near Puerto Rico, there was no sign of any settlement. Four days later, the food supply was low. In another two days, it was exhausted. Over a small transistor radio set, the expedition heard broadcasts expressing alarm for their safety. Then they heard planes of the Colombia Air Force overhead, but they could not make their presence known.

They were now eating palm nuts, the pods of cacao palms and the berries of a kind of nettle. One after another they began to suffer from diarrhea, beri-beri, infected ant bites and inflamed scratches from underbrush. Fungus attacked their feet. Their clothing rotted from the humidity. They began eating monkeys and snakes. Sometimes machetes were drawn as the meat was being divided.

On their 22nd day in the jungle Mark Cantrell tried to split a palm sprout for food. His machete slipped,

continued



PARTY WAS LOST in region between Gigante and Puerto Rico. Map also shows Americans' route as they fled police, publicity and the past after being rescued.



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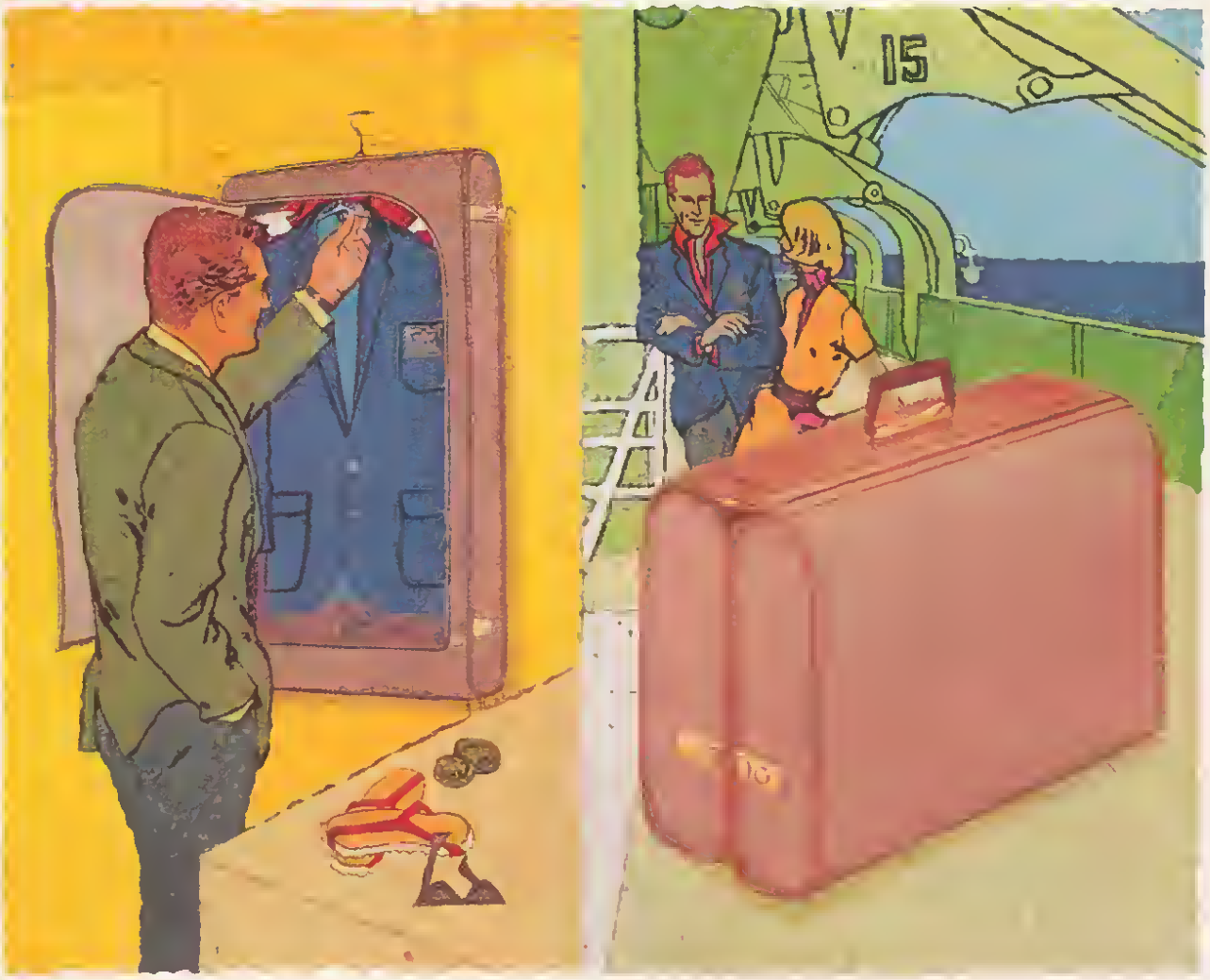
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and he cut his knee. Dr. Gonzalez sewed it up and gave him a shot of penicillin. The next day Mark could not stand up. When he tried to walk he fainted. A tarpaulin was stretched between two poles on the bank of the Guayas River, and Susan and Mark were left there, the villagers and Yates hurrying on.

The Guayas flowed through Puerto Rico to join the Caguán, which flowed into the Amazon. Five villagers built a raft to try to float down the Guayas to Puerto Rico. Within seconds the raft was splintered, but the five somehow got ashore. One villager tried to take a short cut down a cliff to the river, lost his footing, fell and was drowned. His body washed over a 200-foot waterfall. After 35 days in the jungle the 75-year-old Mosquera said he could go no farther. "I am dying," he said calmly, and died.

When the villagers back in Gigante faced the fact that their expedition was lost, they were not quite sure what they ought to do. At last a search party was organized. It consisted of 11 men and one 12-year-old boy.

They made good time, for it was easy to follow the first party. But their food ran out. Their powder got wet, and they could not shoot monkeys for food. They gave up trying to save anyone, and raced toward Puerto Rico to save themselves, living on nuts and berries.

A third party set out. It was a military party of 19 soldiers commanded by a lieutenant. Yates's brown dog, Smokey, was taken along to help find the trail. But the soldiers were soon lost in turn. Sickness overcame them, and they holed up in a cave on the slope. When their food ran out, they ate Smokey. Eventually they were saved by planes.

After leaving the Cantrells the first party moved on down the Guayas. On the 36th day after leaving Gigante, Dr. Gonzalez heard a dog bark. He came upon a thatched hut by the riverbank, borrowed a dugout and reached Puerto Rico with four of the party. Next day the remainder straggled in. The day following that, the first rescue party of 11 men and small boy arrived.

A group of jungle-hardened villagers of Puerto Rico now started back to look for the Cantrells. After three weeks alone in the jungle Mark and Susan Cantrell saw a grim-looking party coming up the river. The two Americans were still surprisingly trim, almost well-groomed, and in better shape than the weary men who found them. Trees were felled to make a platform on which a helicopter could land, and 44 days after leaving Gigante the Cantrells were flown out. They were whisked to Gigante for a great welcoming celebration.

They showed surprisingly little enthusiasm for it. As their photographs were blazoned on the front pages of the newspapers, a shopkeeper in Bogotá gave a start of surprise and hurried to the headquarters of the secret police. There he said that the picture was not of Mark Cantrell. It was of Mark Shepherd. Shepherd had bought an emerald in his store, using his credit card. Then it turned out that credit regulations confused the purchase, and there was much trouble.



BOTH SUSAN AND MARK LOOKED WELL WHEN FOUND

Meanwhile, Mark and Susan were shaking hands with all the other survivors in Gigante's main plaza. An emotional speech was directed to them from a balcony. When they retreated to Yates's house the secret police arrived. They searched Yates's house, and questioned the Cantrells. Mark and Susan quietly caught a bus to Bogotá. Said Yates, "The next time an American couple comes to town with a donkey, I am going to demand to see their papers."

The Cantrells checked into a Bogotá hotel, slipped out past a sleeping sentry in the lobby at 4 a.m., caught a train to Puerto Salgar, bought a dugout and began paddling down the Magdalena in the direction of Barranquilla 500 miles away, with police launches in pursuit. Reporters intervened and smuggled them back to Bogotá. There a famed liberal lawyer demanded to know why the police were persecuting them. The answer was that the police chased them because they ran. Said one cop thoughtfully, "We do not know why we are pursuing the Cantrells."

Back in public view, Mark and Susan were kept busy with television and radio appearances, although Mark said, with evident sincerity: "Publicity is the last thing I want." In a burst of candor, he admitted there had been a little trouble about an automobile in Houston, Texas. There was talk also about his involvement with a St. Louis schoolteacher, a dancer on Bourbon Street in New Orleans, and several others. As for the question of names, Susan's was Cantrell: she was born in Russia in 1932, the daughter of an American engineer. "I guess I'm an international adventurer," Mark said. "A fellow like myself usually doesn't have the proper papers."

These disclosures didn't shock the people. Mark and Susan Cantrell are more popular now than they were when they emerged from the jungle. If in Gigante there is no longer any enthusiasm for a road leading to enchanted valleys beyond the mountains, there is at least one person in Colombia who still savors the events of the past few weeks. "It was like a dinner where you eat too much," Susan Cantrell said. "You are sorry for about 20 minutes, but you get over that, and you enjoyed the dinner." **END**



WAVING HANOS AND SHOUTING, EXUBERANT TOKYO FANS ENCOURAGE HOME-TOWN FAVORITE YONEKURA, WHILE FAR-FROM-HOME





MEXICANS IN SERAPES AND SOMBREROS CHEER THEIR COUNTRYMAN, BECERRA



East Meets West

Twenty thousand Japanese fight fans abandoned their traditional Oriental reserve last week at Tokyo's Korakuen Stadium to cheer in patriotic frenzy as their challenger, Kenji Yonekura, took on Bantamweight Champion José Becerra of Mexico. But Becerra showed up with enthusiastic backers of his own: 150 swarthy aficionados who came 7,000 miles to behave at ringside like heated Mexican jumping beans. "Viva Mexico!" they shouted when Becerra won a split decision. An international answer came from the disappointed 20,000: "Boo!"

Photographs by Jun Miki



The Dodgers' New Digs



It looks like an Aztec excavation near Los Angeles, but in fact it is Chavez Ravine, someday home of the Dodgers. Someday, indeed. This week bulldozers again were halted by lawyers who have been hattling Walter O'Malley ever since he brought the Dodgers west. Only one thing seemed certain: for a long time you won't be able to tell this ball park from a hole in the ground.



INGO AND BIRGIT APPEAR MORE INTERESTED IN RITES OF SPRING THAN GOLF



Ingo Meets His Match

They laughed when Ingemar Johansson stepped up to the tee. But they laughed quietly. Followed by his fiancée, Birgit Lundgren, who nuzzled his ear, fondled his arm and gazed admiringly into his Nordic blue eyes, the heavyweight boxing champion of the world took a day off from training for his bout with Floyd Patterson and shot a remarkable—considering the circumstances—103 against TV Star Ed Sullivan (*right*).

Ingo is an average Sunday golfer with an average Sunday golfer's problems. He failed, as one expert observed, to use his full power, hitting only one good tee shot, a 200-yarder down the middle. Most of the time he topped, sliced or hooked his drives a dribbling 75 to 100 yards. Golf isn't the champion's game and, from the looks of it, Birgit couldn't care less.

Photographs by Wil Blanche



RETURN OF THE REDHEAD

Winner over tuberculosis, Red Schoendienst wants to forget it now and concentrate on his job—playing the best second base in the National League

by JAMES MURRAY



IN THE CATACOMBS below the Los Angeles Coliseum, Red Schoendienst tugged at the belt of his baseball pants, reached over to grab his glove and was ready to run out onto the field. But first he had to dispose of the visitor in his dressing room. A flicker of resentment passed over his freckled face and lingered in his green eyes.

"Listen," he said, "I have heard so damn much about this TB now, I don't want to hear about it any more. It's great to have so many people pulling for you, and I'm grateful. But as far as writing any more about it, I'm sick of it."

He tapped the manuscript on the bench before him. "For over a year now it's been TB, TB, TB. I'm a ballplayer, not a doctor or a patient. This story you wrote here is too dramatic for me.

"It just wasn't that tough. . . ."

And with that, Red Schoendienst, ballplayer, strode out into the bright sunlight of the California day to play ball. At the base line he paused a moment and thumped his mitt emphatically. "I had something to overcome and I overcame it. I'm just like anybody else that's got rid of it, and we may as well forget it."

Then he raced out to second base for infield practice, where he presently began to short-hop ground balls, pirouette around the bag and whirl into the split-second *entrechats* of the relay man on the double play.

In the game that followed, his performance was just as sleek. It more than emphasized his contention that he was nobody's sick man any more. To the delight of the Los Angeles fans,

continued

LEAVING HOSPITAL, happy Schoendienst greets daughter Eileen and wife Mary.



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who cheered no other Milwaukee player, he cracked out two hits—one batting right-handed, the other left-handed—and he started two double plays and was the middleman in two others. He played the hitters with uncanny perfection. He turned one "hit" into a double play, and he snatched up another ground ball so far to his left that he had to whirl in a complete circle to make the throw.

Red Schoendienst was back with a vengeance—at the age of 37 and after having won a battle with an illness that still kills thousands of Americans every year and invalids thousands of others. It was hard to believe that only a year and a half ago this man had lain gravely ill in Mount Saint Rose sanitarium in St. Louis. The question then was not whether he would ever play ball again but whether he would ever be able to return to a completely normal life.

It is little wonder that Schoendienst, a man who conceals a monumental drive beneath one of the sunniest dispositions in the game, would like to forget the unpleasantness of his ailment. The world of baseball is alive with hypochondria. But the ailments are usually lusty and orthopedic—aching legs, pulled muscles, sore arms. A ballplayer fears things like a cold draft on his arm, or stones in the base paths. He never gives a thought to microbes.

Once back in this atmosphere of healthy animalism, Red Schoendienst, second baseman for the Milwaukee Braves in the spring of 1960, cannot identify himself with the Red Schoendienst of Mount Saint Rose's in the fall of 1958.

The story that follows, then, is not one that Schoendienst wants to remember.

A long history

The facts are—although it is little known in the major leagues—that Red Schoendienst has had reason to be on guard against tuberculosis through all of his major league career. As far back as 1945 the doctors detected a lung shadow, which suggested that he had what is known as a quiescent or healed fibrotic tuberculosis on his right lung. He had regular X-ray checkups throughout the years when he was, by common consent, the best second baseman in baseball.

Schoendienst played so well, in fact, and even felt so well that it was hard for him to credit the doctors' diagnosis that he was a recovered tubercular. And, indeed, neither Red nor his mother could recall any episode in childhood when he might have been ill with the disease. Under prodding, Red could recall a siege of "whooping cough," which he supposed accounted for the lung shadow. The doctors doubted it and held out for active tuberculosis as the cause.

Whoever was right, Schoendienst was as active and normal as the next man, and had the batting average to prove it. Quiescent, his tuberculosis had been walled off by strands of fibrous tissue and was dangerous to no one—except, as it turned out, Red Schoendienst himself.

In the shadow

As long as the shadow remained constant, Red was in no danger. But the St. Louis Cardinals' management, for whom Red played the first 12 of his big-league years, was taking no chances. Red was a pretty valuable piece of baseball property (he made the National League All-Star team nine times, and he personally won the 1950 All-Star Game with a 14th-inning home run).

"Fred Saigh owned the Cardinals when I became the club physician in 1951," recalls Dr. I. C. Middleman. "He informed me that Schoendienst had . . . tuberculosis of the right lung and asked me to keep a history of the condition."

Dr. Middleman immediately stepped up the X-raying of Schoendienst to twice a year. The plates were studied by Dr. H. R. Senturia. "Dr. Senturia had taken X rays of Red's chest for at least 10 years," says Dr. Middleman, "and he assured me there had been no change. But whenever Red did have an upper respiratory infection, we made every effort to pull him out of the lineup for a couple of days and rest him."

It was Dr. Middleman's recollection that Schoendienst, because of this precaution, rarely played a full season in his St. Louis days, but a check of the record discloses that he played remarkably long seasons for a player in as precarious and slambang a position as second base—more than 150 games in four years and almost 150 in four others.

The main difficulty lay in convincing Red that the vigilance was necessary.

"There are two kinds of athletes," explained Dr. Middleman. "One is too conscious of himself; the other tends to ignore his well-being. Red belongs to the latter. We always had to be after him to come in."

If Red didn't believe he had reason to guard against ill health, the pitchers around the league had even less reason. Schoendienst batted over .300 three years in a row, and in 1953 he missed the league batting championship by two percentage points—batting .342 to Carl Furillo's .344.

Just as Schoendienst would prefer to forget his past and present history of tuberculosis, he would as soon blame the ultimate decline of his health on mother love or the Constitution as he would on the pressures of baseball itself. "There's nothing to it," Red insists. "Baseball isn't

continued



AFTER 1958 SERIES RED WAS LISTLESS

that tough to play." Some baseball players play for money; others play for fame. Red Schoendienst plays for love of the game. "He would play for nothing," asserts his pretty wife, Mary, who is a good deal more practical herself.

But there are pressures. As a St. Louis Cardinal, under the watchful eyes of, first, Dr. Robert Hyland and, later, Dr. Middleman, Red Schoendienst was a relatively contented and secure man. He was a full-time resident of St. Louis, an area in which he had lived all his life. His roots were in St. Louis. It was home, and he was a home-town boy playing on a home-town team.

It was a distinct shock to Schoendienst to hear over the radio one June day in 1956 that he had been traded to the New York Giants. Frank Lane, the compulsive trader, was general manager of the Cardinals at the time and had no compunctions about dealing off Schoendienst, a player who seemed as permanent in St. Louis as the Municipal Opera. It was a startling trade.

It is significant that Schoendienst permitted himself the luxury of anger for one of the few times in his life. When Frank Lane's secretary phoned belatedly to tell him of the trade, Red snapped tartly: "I know. I can hear pretty good."

For the Giants, Red played as capably as usual, batted over .300 and fielded .993. It was with genuine regret that, on trading deadline a year later, the Giants traded him to Milwaukee. The Giants were deep in the second division, and they needed more than Schoendienst. Horace Stoneham telephoned personally to break the news to Red: "I hate to see you go, but it will be to your advantage. You're going to win the pennant over there now."

In most senses, it *was* to Red's advantage. If one man can be said to mean the difference between a pennant and second place, Red was that man. The Braves did win the pennant and a world championship to boot, and Schoendienst played a major role. He batted .309, hit 15 home runs, increased his salary to more than $40,000 a year and became the idol of Milwaukee.

But, in another sense, the move to Milwaukee was an added strain for Schoendienst. He had at first the domestic and financial responsibility of three different homes—a permanent one in St. Louis and leased residences in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y. and Milwaukee. In going from the Polo Grounds to County Stadium, he went from the comparatively relaxed atmosphere of the second division to the pressure-locked air of the pennant chase in a baseball-mad town that had never won a big-league pennant. Even more, as "the player Milwaukee needed to win the pennant," he had to prove himself, like a rookie.

In 1958 things began to go wrong. Red caught a "cold" in spring training which was never really to leave him. In retrospect, Mary is inclined to point to a day late in May in an otherwise unimportant Sunday double-header with the Cubs. In the bottom of the seventh inning of the second game, Schoendienst led off with a single. When Eddie Mathews singled to center, Schoendienst tore out for third. He slid in high and awkwardly, and was thrown out. As he recalls it: "I made a bad slide. I jumped instead of sliding, and I thought for a moment I had torn some ligaments or cracked some ribs. I lay there for a moment and I didn't know if I could get up or not."

Trouble Breathing

Later, on the phone to his wife in St. Louis, he said, "I pulled a muscle or something. I'm having trouble breathing." As a baseball wife familiar with the ailments of the game, Mary did not find this disquieting. "Better get back on the rubbing table," she advised.

At the time of his "bad slide," Schoendienst was batting .302. He played the next two games but went hitless in both and never got the ball out of the infield. The next night he left the lineup, and remained out until June 14. By July 9 his average was down to .245. On July 5 he confounded the press box by making two errors, each costing a run, in a 4-2 defeat by Pittsburgh. Manager Fred Haney took to sending in pinch hitters for him on occasion.

Schoendienst's average leveled off at .262 that year, second lowest of his big-league career. He hit exactly one home run all year, and his patented "choke" on the bat became more pronounced as the year moved on. "Why, he only had half a bat in his hands," Chuck Dressen was later to observe.



A WEAKENED RED CHOKED HIGH ON BAT

Red's general state of health went down with his batting average. His fellow players, characteristically, were the last to notice. In the heat of the pennant drive, the Braves had other things on their minds. But a newspaperman friend of Schoendienst did notice. About three weeks before the end of the season, he and Red had dinner together. "You look awful, Redhead," the reporter said candidly. "You shouldn't be playing." Schoendienst nodded his head mechanically. "You'll wind up in the hospital if you insist on playing," the friend persisted. "I've already been there," Red told him. "They took X rays. They couldn't find anything but a cloud on my right side. I've got pleurisy, the doctors say."

At that point, the newspaperman says, Schoendienst continued softly, "Don't tell anybody, but I think I've

got TB." Schoendienst says he does not recall the incident. "I might have said it as a joke," he says now.

Six weeks and several X rays later, Schoendienst was in the hospital. In the meantime he had played a perfectly incredible World Series. His doctor, who had contracted and recovered from TB himself, salutes Schoendienst's play in that Series as one of the epic feats in sports history. Red batted .300, hit three doubles and one triple, played seven full games and made 19 assists and 18 putouts. "At a time," marvels the doctor, "when it must have hurt him to bend over to tie his shoelace."

The day before the Series opened in Milwaukee, the Schoendiensts were entertaining a houseful of guests. Few of those present noticed Red's "cold," except Mary Schoendienst, who mentioned it to a doctor friend. "When we get home to St. Louis," she said, "you ought to take a look at Red. He's really feeling poorly." The next day when Red took the field, his freckled Huckleberry Finn face was chalk-white and drawn.

Pain enough

The only pain connected with tuberculosis is caused by pleurisy, but as anyone who has experienced it knows, it is enough. By the time the Series was over, Red could barely make it home to bed, and the doctors had pretty well satisfied themselves that Schoendienst's trouble went deeper than pleurisy. But there was one complication: Mary Schoendienst was going to the hospital for her fourth Caesarean. Red had not wanted to worry her earlier about his condition, and now he insisted that the doctors delay his entrance to the hospital until Mary had had her baby.

When his son was born, Red was photographed at the hospital, looking through the glass. When the cameramen wanted Red to hold the baby, he hastily begged off. "I got a cold," he explained.

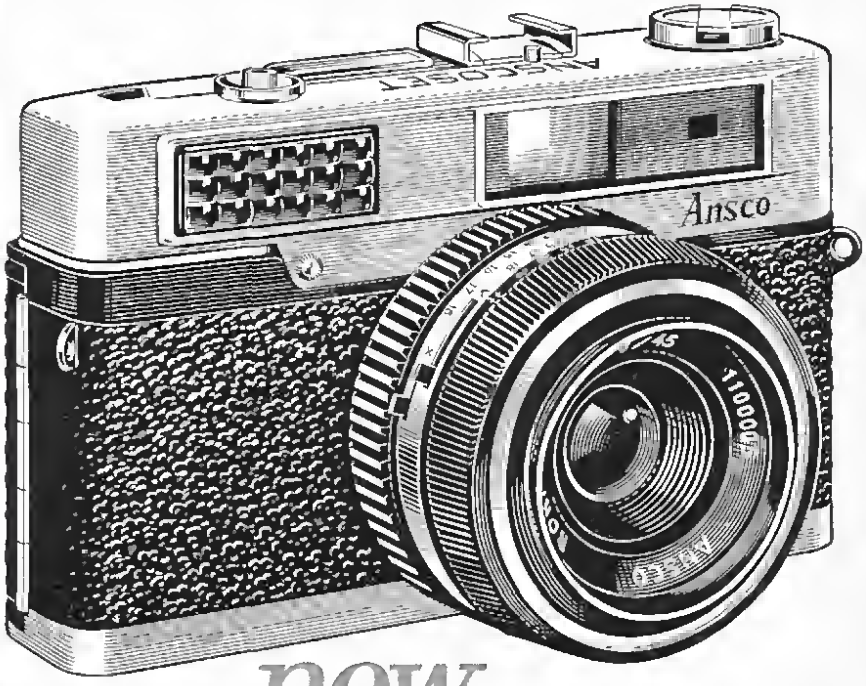
The following week Schoendienst was in the sanitarium. One day Dr. William Werner came into the room. "Red," he said, "I've got great news for you. You've got tuberculosis."

Schoendienst looked at him. "Doc," he asked gently, "how do you figure that's good?"

"We know *what* it is," Dr. Werner

continued

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explained. "And we know *where* it is. Now we go after it."

Schoendienst, to the surprise of many, turned out to be a model patient. A man of action whose recreation was hunting, not reading, Red was also a man accustomed to discipline. "Red never complains," his wife says with quiet pride. He played his ailment the same way he played opposing hitters in County Stadium —smartly and doggedly. He was almost overconscientious. If the regimen called for him to get out of bed only twice a day, Red got out once. In bed he rarely stirred from a supine position. His reading he confined to the sports pages, his televiewing only to football games and fights. He was already saving his eyes for a return to baseball at a time when the doctors were hoping only to return him to normal life.

The mail poured in. To his considerable surprise, Red Schoendienst found that he was more famous as a sick man than he had been as a ballplayer. One letter had an almost unnoticeable inscription in an upper corner. Red thought he remembered an order of Catholic brothers whose seminary was known as The White House. Could be, but in this case the President of the United States had sent a get-well note addressed affectionately to "Dear Red."

Schoendienst's cooperation with the medical staff was so complete and his recovery so rapid that after four months of bed rest and care, the doctors were able to consider surgery. Fortunately, Red's tuberculosis had been discovered at a fairly early stage, when TB is most readily curable, and the hospital rest had stalled any further advance of the disease. Dosages of streptomycin, isoniazid and para-aminosalicylic acid had even reduced the damaged area somewhat. Surgery would excise it completely.

Thus, at the time when other major league players were heading south for 1959 spring training, Red Schoendienst was in the operating room in St. Louis, undergoing a skillful back-to-front incision by Dr. Joseph Lucido for the removal of the diseased top segment of the right lung.



HOSPITAL GLASS SEPARATES AILING REO FROM NEWBORN SON

The operation was a complete success. There was, of course, some post-operative discomfort, but after a few weeks Red came home to his family. Healthy again, he plunged into public relations work for the National Tuberculosis Association. By September he was back in uniform, making almost everyone uneasy except himself. This spring he was back in the starting lineup, fielding like a genius, hitting as well as he ever did.

All in all, it has been one of the most remarkable comebacks in the annals of sport, but Red Schoendienst would like to forget it. "I'm just the same as anybody else now," he insists. "To get TB again, I'd have to go out and catch a whole new case of it. Let's forget about it. I'm a ballplayer." **END**



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THE CATS SQUELCH THE CATCALLS

After weathering gales on the high seas and verbal blasts ashore, catamarans are ready to take their rightful place in ocean racing

by CARLETON MITCHELL



TWIN-HULLED "AIKANE" SKIMS ALONG ON SPINNAKER RUN

ON Biscayne Bay in February of 1959, a bright-red 17-foot catamaran named *Tigercat* ran away from conventional single-hull craft in *Yachting* magazine's One-of-a-Kind Regatta. As a result of these races, the catamaran won acceptance (SI, March 9, 1959) as a legitimate racing design—at least on sheltered waters.

A few months later, across the continent and half an ocean away, another, larger catamaran, the 46-foot *Aikane*, outsailed the hottest boats in the Pacific when she finished the Los Angeles-Honolulu race 17 hours ahead of the scratch boat, *Goodwill*. Unlike *Tigercat*, however, *Aikane* won nothing beyond the antagonism of the sponsors of the Honolulu race, the Transpacific Yacht Club.

Aikane had not been invited to enter. In fact, she and all others like her had been invited to stay out. The circular announcing the official race conditions read: "Open to single-hulled yachts." When *Aikane* showed up at the starting line anyway, the Transpacific Yacht Club refused even courtesy participation in the race. She was forced to wait until all the other boats had crossed the line. Then she cast off and headed for Honolulu on her own time, to the consternation of Transpac officials, who obviously wanted the cat to go off and play in some other ocean.

The most outspoken critic was retiring Transpac Commodore Ira P. Fulmor. "Unsportsmanlike, that's what I call it," he said. "It's a free ocean so all we can do is appeal to their sense of sportsmanship. But that does no good."

Whether or not the curious charge of bad sportsmanship was justified, the participation of a catamaran in a major ocean race raised a host of questions. What about the inability of a catamaran to come back on its feet after a knockdown? What of the strength of a twin-hull structure being subjected to racking cross seas? What of the behavior of a cat in winds of gale force? And finally, granting seaworthiness, how could a system of rating be devised to handicap twin-hulled vessels of almost limitless speed potential against existing displacement craft whose maximum speed is perhaps nine knots? Or, if a formula could not be evolved, on what basis could they compete in ocean races?

As a participant in the 1959 Honolulu race, I heard all these arguments against catamarans. But I also knew that there was much to be said in their favor. Historically, the catamaran is the design indigenous to the Pacific. Therefore, on pedigree alone, the cats seemed to deserve consideration. *Aikane*'s spectacular performance provided a more immediate rebuttal, *i.e.*, that a big cat, well designed, can be a first-rate, seagoing vessel. However, the monohull advocates remained unimpressed. To settle the question in my own mind I would have to remain in Honolulu and actually sail aboard an ocean-going catamaran. I did so, and I found out a few things.

New thrill

Behind Diamond Head, when the trade winds are blowing fresh, there is a clear line between the wind and the lee. Inshore the Pacific swells lift

continued

lazily, but outside the seas of the Molokai Channel are steep and cresting. I was aboard the 34-foot catamaran *Makani Kai* with her designer, a transplanted New Yorker named Woody Brown. We had stepped onto *Makani Kai* dry shod from the beach, knifed out through cresting surf, and ghosted beyond the wind shadow of the mountains. In the lighter air and smoother water she felt like a conventional monohull vessel, except faster, but as we came into the offshore trade wind she simply took off. Her long and narrow hulls, built like two destroyers scaled down and joined together, drove effortlessly through the water. Less than half the weight of a monohull vessel of comparable size, she responded instantly to the slightest change in the direction of the apparent wind. Watching the water rush by, I estimated our speed as up to 20 knots, more than twice as fast as I had ever gone on a conventional vessel.

It was more than sailing: it was skiing, it was flying, with a glitter of spray fanning in a high arc from the leeward bow and a rooster-tail of tumbling water boiling up through the wake astern. At the tiller, Woody Brown cried aloud in pure exaltation. He had told me earlier, "You get drunk on it, when you ride the waves. It goes through you like electricity." And I felt it myself for the first time aboard a boat, a wonderful moment transcending any previous sailing experience.

In his investigation of the catamaran controversy, Mr. Mitchell was assisted by Christopher Bird.

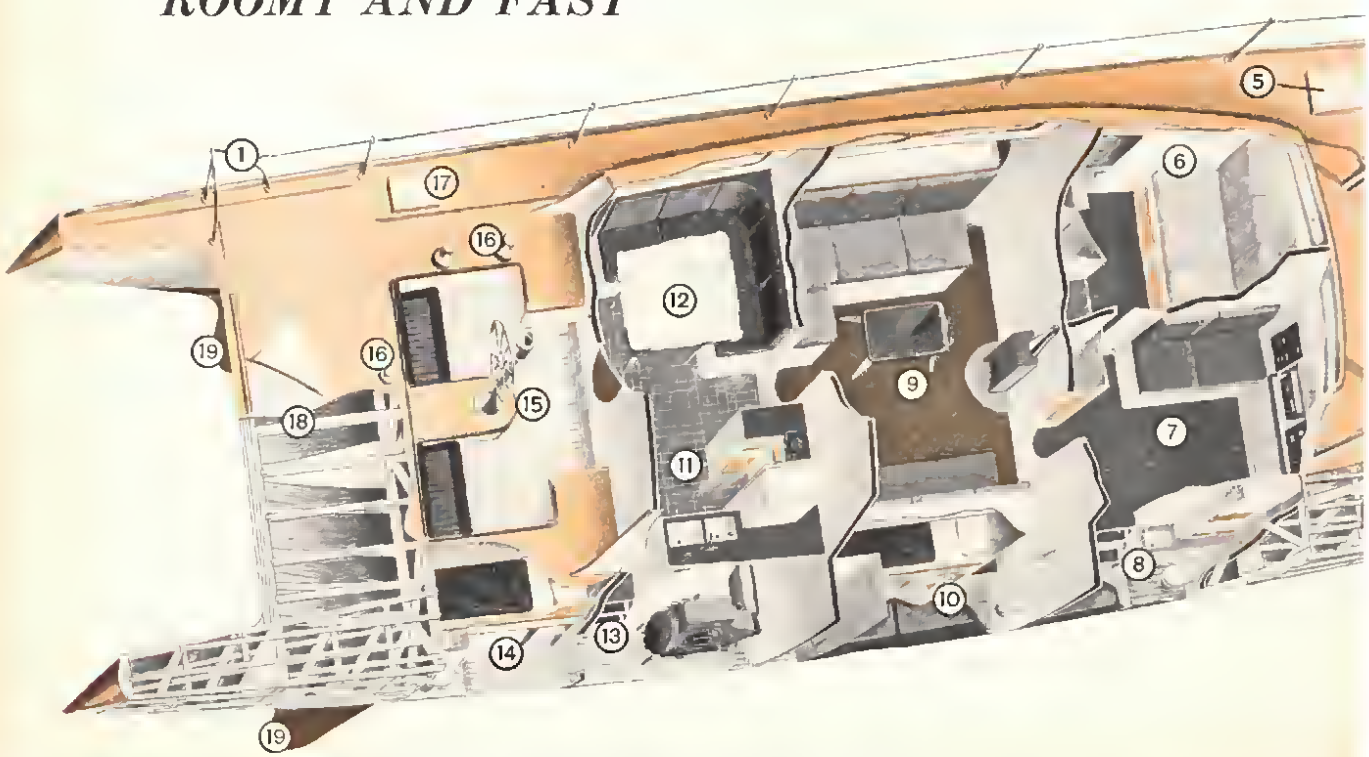
For the moment, I forgot my technical questions to look in wonder at the man who had created *Makani Kai*. Woodbridge Parker Brown is almost completely Polynesian in outlook and even appearance. Burned deeply by the sun, he is slight and wiry, a body of whipcord encased in brown leather. Entering a room, he kicks off his sandals, and even in the center of the city of Honolulu is likely to wear only beachboy swimming trunks. In 1943 he married Rachel Kaua, a Hawaiian who can trace her lineage back to the royal family of antiquity; they have two children and live in a tiny house behind Diamond Head. His tastes are simple: he thinks and lives catamarans.

"I tell people I don't design these boats," he says, "but only hope to copy what was sailing 500 or perhaps 1,000 years ago. The ancient Polynesians were a great people. They built catamarans up to 120 feet long. Whole villages would be loaded aboard—grass houses, coconut palms in tubs, food, water—and off they would go. Whenever we moderns think we are so clever, we forget to credit the past."

With all his humility, Woody Brown is the man who linked the original design concepts of the ancient Polynesians with the technology of modern boatbuilding. A former glider pilot and also one of the great surfboard riders in the islands, Woody was first attracted to sailing when he served with a labor battalion in the South Pacific during World War II. On Christmas Island a native invited him to go out on an outrigger canoe. "It was the most amazing thing I ever experienced," Woody says. "Carrying just a tiny lateen sail we went

NEWEST CAT: ROOMY AND FAST

Illustration by Allen Beechel



flying past Navy launches. I thought to myself, 'Brother, this is for me!' "

Back in Hawaii after the war, Woody bought an outrigger canoe, a single hull with a balancing float. But the design had limitations. Canoes could never become proper seagoing craft nor carry the loads to do the things he envisioned. Catamarans seemed to be the answer, but he knew very little about them. Trying to crystallize his ideas, Woody talked with a Korean-Hawaiian fellow surfer, Rudy Choy, who in turn introduced him to an island boatbuilder, Alfred Kumalae.

Together, Woody and Alfred Kumalae began sketching preliminary designs and haunted museums and libraries, hoping to find in pictures or descriptions of the ancient catamarans some clue to a successful modern design.

First experiments were with small models having symmetrical hulls, identical twins joined by horizontal girders. But the models could not outperform models of conventional craft. Finally, one day in the library, Woody found the key. Studying an old drawing of a Marshall Islands sailing canoe,



COOLEST cat sailor on Coast is Rudy Choy, designer of 58-footer (*below*).

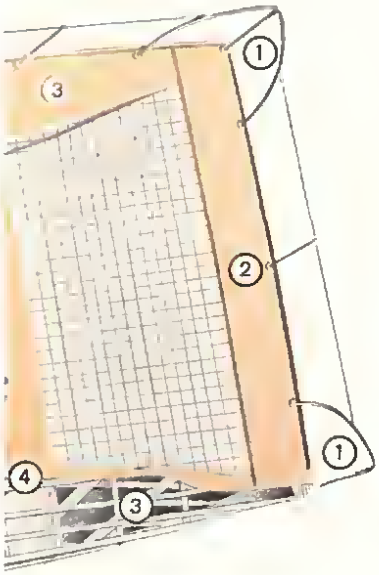
he noticed something unusual in the shape of the hull. "It reminded me of something, but at first I couldn't think of what. Suddenly I realized it was an airfoil section, like the wing of an airplane, flat on one side and curved on the other. It was a shape which would give a boat lift to windward, making her point like a conventional keel boat but avoiding the drag. I knew I had the secret."

A 16-foot model was built. She went so well that construction was immediately begun on a 38-footer to be named *Manu Kai*, which means sea bird in Hawaiian. The partners had almost no money, and only the simplest hand tools. Assisted by Rudy Choy, they worked in an open field. Yet when the revolutionary craft was launched she indeed skimmed the waves like her namesake.

"She was a designer's dream," declares Rudy Choy, now a successful designer himself. "*Manu Kai* was perfect from the first."

No sooner was the cat in the water, however, than she became embroiled with the Transpacific Race. On her very first trial run, carrying only a jib and mainsail from the experimental 16-foot model, *Manu Kai* sailed past Diamond Head as a large yawl was roaring down under spinnaker for the finish of the 1947 race. Coming about, the cat streaked through the ocean racer's lee while skipper and crew lined the rail in disbelief. In their amazement, no one aboard the yawl realized he had just taken part in the opening skirmish of what was to become a prolonged naval war.

continued



LENGTH OVER-ALL: 58 FEET
EXTREME BEAM. 20 FEET 4 INCHES
HULL DRAFT: 2 FEET 9 INCHES
DISPLACEMENT. 17,400 POUNDS

1 SAFETY RAIL: stainless steel pulpits connected by plastic covered lifeline.

2 FOREDECK: compression bar keeps hulls rigid under sail; open area (safety netting below) eliminates pounding by waves.

3 TWIN HULLS: 4 feet 8 inches wide, 5-foot 11-inch headroom throughout, Sitka spruce frames, stringers and beams for strength and lightness, bulkheads of Douglas fir plywood with polyurethane and epoxy cores, hulls and deck of mahogany plywood sheathed with fiber glass and polyester resin.

4 WING BRIDGE: 42 feet long, 15 feet across at widest point, providing 360 square feet of living area with 6-foot 4-inch headroom throughout (total living area, including hulls, 552 square feet).

5 DECK HATCH: port and starboard; access to sail locker.

6 OWNER'S STATEROOM: settee converts to 4-foot-by-7-inch double berth, batteries stored behind settee, two dressers, hanging locker, steps down to head in port hull; all windows are sliding type.

7 OWNER'S SALOON: settee, electronic control panel, radio equipment, locker, steps down to head.

8 HEAD: port and starboard; electric toilet, sink, shower, 92-gallon water tank below, 90-gallon water tank forward of bulkhead, polyurethane foam sprayed around tanks and into empty hull spaces for support and for buoyancy.

9 MAIN CABIN: 9 feet 3 inches by 15 feet; sofas port and starboard, bookshelves over, coffee table, fireplace; steps down to port and starboard cabins.

10 MIDSHIPS CABIN: port and starboard; 4 foot-by-7-foot double berth, hanging locker, 92-gallon fuel and water tanks below, access to head forward.

11 GALLEY: 3-burner butane stove, 5-cubic-foot-capacity refrigerator, stainless steel double sink, serving table with lockers under, steps down to starboard engine room.

12 DINETTE: upholstered dining seats, 4-foot-by-4-foot table; steps down to port engine room.

13 ENGINE ROOM: port and starboard; Osco 65-hp diesel geared to retractable propeller and shaft located on inboard side of hull, cruising speed 10 knots, top speed 14 knots; cruising range 1,200 miles.

14 AFTER CABIN: port and starboard; 7-foot-by-32-inch berth, lockers, sink, head, door to engine room forward.

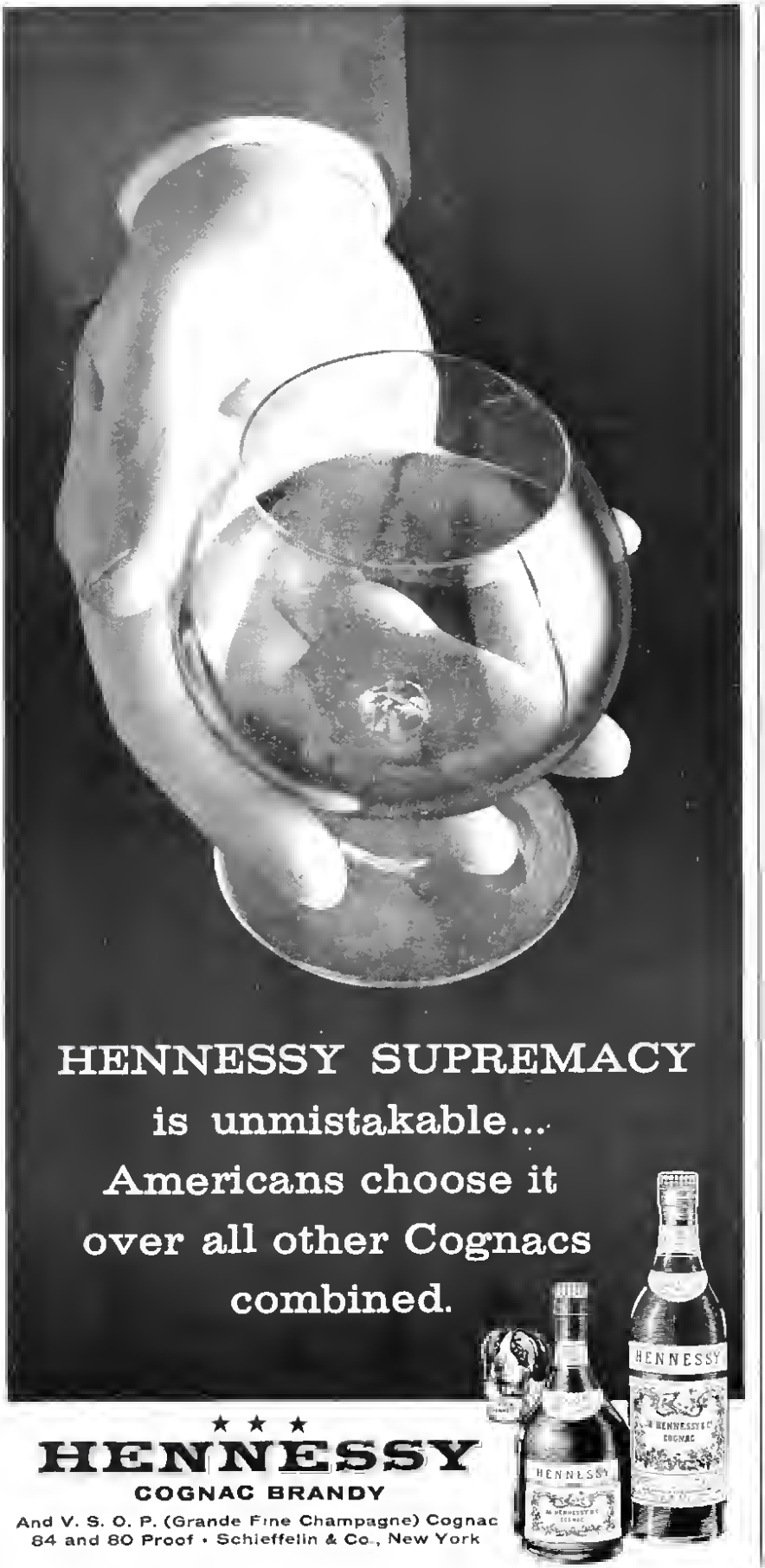
15 COCKPIT. teak deck, butane tanks under; 36-inch wheel mounted on platform to give good visibility forward.

16 WINCHES. for mainsheet and genoa.

17 DECK HATCH: port and starboard, access to after cabins.

18 AFTER DECK: lightweight Sitka spruce framing, mahogany skin with fiber glass and resin sheathing; watertight plywood bulkheads with polyurethane and epoxy cores.

19 RUDDERS: monel plate and shaft laminated with polyurethane foam, covered with 3 layers fiber glass cloth and epoxy resin, extend 20 inches below baseline of hull.



For the next seven years both sides held their fire while Brown and Rudy Choy (Alfred Kumalae was forced to drop out for financial reasons) worked on bigger and better catamaran designs. The lines of battle were clearly drawn up in 1955 when Brown and Choy and three other expert catamariners sailed into Los Angeles Harbor aboard a spanking-new ocean-racing cat called *Waikiki Surf* and requested entry in the Transpacific Race of that year. Although *Waikiki Surf* had filed no formal entry, she had sailed over from Hawaii on the advice of Honorary Transpac Commodore Harold Dillingham of Honolulu, who recommended they conform in advance with the rule requiring that a vessel racing to the islands "be capable of making a safe return passage from Honolulu to the mainland." On this major count, the catamaran had qualified brilliantly. She had covered 2,800 miles of sailing—much of it to windward—in 15 days, making the remarkable daily average of 180 miles.

Cliffhanger

Along the way she encountered a severe gale. "I wouldn't have believed it possible," recalls Woody Brown, "but in the open ocean the seas became nearly as steep and cresting as on Makaha Beach. Wally Froiseth was at the tiller when we caught the steepest. He had been weaving down the crests just like on a surfboard, calling, 'Watch this!' when he saw a good wave coming. At times our speedometer spun up to 33 mph. All of a sudden I saw him brace against the tiller bar, like he was trying to hold back, and he yelled: 'No! No! Not this one!'

"I looked, and there wasn't anything under *Surf* forward. We were hanging over a precipice. For a second I thought we might go pearl diving. We made that sea all right, but we didn't want to catch any more." Shortening down to a storm jib, *Waikiki Surf* then rode comfortably with not another anxious moment for her crew.

On arriving in Los Angeles, *Waikiki Surf* received anything but a warm welcome from Transpac officials. *Surf* was told she would receive no entry, no courtesy start with the fleet, no time taken, no participation in pre- or post-race festivities, not even a

mooring at the club dock or table at the banquet. Grudgingly, a start 24 hours after the fleet was offered. According to Rudy Choy, "All Woody and I had hoped for was recognition, to be set up on a probationary basis so we could prove ourselves. If anything happened to show cats unseaworthy, then legislate against us, but at least give us a chance. We hoped to establish a precedent, so in the future cats might become a separate class."

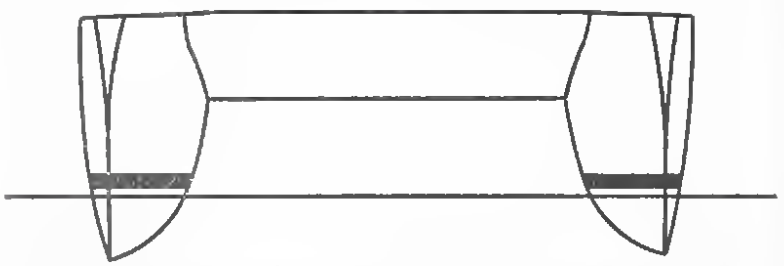
Because of the bickering and general ill-feeling, Woody, Choy and two of the others left *Waikiki Surf* at the dock and flew home. But *Surf* did race back, skippered by Rich Muirhead, who had made the passage across. Despite having to start behind the fleet, getting becalmed on the wrong side of Catalina and having to use a pickup crew, by the fourth day *Surf* began passing boats. By noon of the sixth day she was ahead of the entire pack, including the 98-foot ketch *Morning Star*, on her way to the existing course record of 9 days 15 hours 5 minutes 10 seconds. But during a line squall wave pressure split the plywood of one hull. Water trickled in, a small stream high in the hull which could easily have been repaired, but the green crew panicked. Overcautious, they lowered all sail and drifted until the 72-foot *Escapade* appeared from astern. Just enough canvas was then set to keep pace until they reached the Molokai Channel. Then *Waikiki Surf* again took off, finishing fifth, although nearly a day behind *Morning Star*. Woody Brown is convinced that had the cat been sailed by her original crew, she would have covered the 2,225-mile course in less than a week.

Since then, *Aikane*, designed by Rudy Choy but faithful to the original *Manu Kai* concept, has twice sailed the Transpac course with the fleet, as well as making another cruising passage from Honolulu to Los Angeles. In 1957, she completed the course 26 hours before the official first finisher. And in 1959 she again beat everybody to the islands.

Yet the Transpacific Yacht Club still refuses to recognize the cats. Even conceding the virtual impossibility of handicapping catamarans against existing yachts, it is difficult to understand why they could not participate as a separate class. The only glory they could take from the present fleet would be that of first to finish, already likely to be usurped by such king-size vessels as the 161-foot schooner *Goodwill*, hardly a conventional ocean racer by modern standards.

As for the inability of the cats to recover from a knockdown instead of capsizing if heeled too far, Catamariners like Woody Brown and Rudy Choy, who have voyaged thousands of miles, give the danger little thought. "You sail a boat with tons of lead in the keel, which will sink like a stone if filled with water, and then worry about turning over," says Rudy Choy. "Better to be on your side than swimming." Rudy also points out that as catamarans grow larger and heavier, they are less subject to the danger of capsizing. Weight keeps them upright in any but extremely strong winds when the vessel is under a press of racing canvas. Then the weather hull lifts slowly, and until the angle of heel exceeds 45° the vessel will return to normal if the sheets are eased. As for cruising conditions, Choy feels a knockdown would be so unlikely as to be virtually impossible. For example, *Aikane* was caught off the coast of California in a 73-mile gale; but by rolling a deep reef in the mainsail and setting

continued



SECRET OF SPEED. discovered in drawings of ancient Polynesian catamarans, is airfoil shape of hulls. Each hull has gently rounded inboard side, sharp dead-rise outboard, giving tremendous lift when leeward hull starts to bury under pressure of wind.

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a storm jib, she was able to beat nearly 30 miles to shelter in Catalina.

Two catamarans now building may further the cause of twin-hull vessels as acceptable ocean-going craft. In California a 58-footer designed by Rudy Choy and a new partner, Warren Seaman, is nearing completion. The new cat, shown in the cutaway drawing on pages 46 and 47, has already been dubbed "the aircraft carrier" by Owner Stanley Dashew because of her great beam and spaciousness. She will differ from *Aikane* principally in having each hull wider in relation to length. Primarily intended for cruising and living aboard ("I'm beginning to think catamarans have almost more virtues for cruising than racing," says Rudy Choy), the new craft will have an estimated angle of heel of no more than 5° both on and off the wind in normal sailing conditions. Yet the vessel has lines of high-speed potential, as indicated by a design goal of 14 knots under power and 30 under sail.



PIONEER DESIGNER of modern cruising catamarans is ex-New Yorker Woody Brown, shown at the tiller of *Makani Kai*.

In Hawaii an even more revolutionary catamaran is taking form under the eye of Woody Brown, a twin-hulled vessel which Naval Architect Ernest Simmerer of Honolulu calculates "would recover from lying on her side, masts and sails in the water, in any wind of less than hurricane force, provided the weights are kept right." In other words, unless an owner piles excess weight on deck or aloft, the new cat could recover from being knocked down by a sudden

squall. Furthermore, as in all Brown designs, additional safety will be provided by watertight hull compartments—"She will not only be noncapsizable for practical purposes, but nonsinkable," a combination worth pondering.

This cannot be left as an unqualified eulogy of all cats. Perhaps the hardest thing for a conventional sailor to accept is the appearance of the larger cats. They look weird and boxlike, breaking all the accepted rules of nautical beauty. And they *do* have some bad sailing characteristics, too. The principal one is a slowness in stays. Due to the two long, straight hulls, they come about reluctantly, at times requiring the jib to be backed, as in the old gaff-headed fishermen-type schooners. Because of their great beam, large cats are difficult to dock. Because of high freeboard and consequent windage, they charge around badly at anchor or on a mooring. And a vessel like *Aikane* tends to hobbyhorse when moving slowly in a chop.

Yet sailing cats is the biggest thrill one can get in a wind-driven vessel on water. As speed picks up, they smooth the seas. At 16 knots it is hardly necessary to hold the tiller bar, and at 20 they seem to be riding on rails. Carrying a spinnaker, the miseries of rhythmic roller are virtually nonexistent. As a final practical consideration, catamarans are cheaper to construct than monohull types. There are no lead keels weighing tons to be purchased by the pound, no special castings, no heavy frames of seasoned oak and planking of teak or mahogany.

New dream

I admit having come to agree with the basic premise of Woody Brown and Rudy Choy, that "Catamarans are good honest boats, which eventually will be better and consequently deserve encouragement instead of hindrance in development." As more yachtsmen become aware of their advantages, acceptance of the design will accelerate, forcing recognition by even the most conservative. As for cruising, despite my devotion to a small yawl named *Finisterre*, a new dream is forming in my mind—this time a catamaran, able to go anywhere, carrying all sorts of sporting paraphernalia from duck guns to bonefish tackle—a sportsman's home afloat. **END**

Even tough hides need Noxzema Instant Lather



the closer you shave the more you need

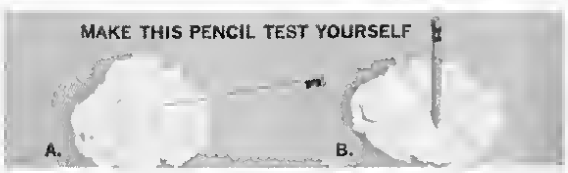


Close shaves keeping your face in the rough? Get new Noxzema Instant Lather! Shave cool and close—without irritation. Noxzema is a *cream* lather—extra-rich! It's the *only* instant lather medicated with the famous Noxzema skin-care formula. It soothes and protects your skin.

And Noxzema saves you money. It's *concentrated*—gives you up to 50% more lather per can. Try new Noxzema Instant Shaving Lather, today!

A. Ordinary lathers can't hold up this pencil, let your whiskers droop, too. Your razor snags and pulls.

B. Creamy-rich Noxzema holds up whiskers as it does this pencil. Shave cleaner, closer—without irritation.



Noxzema . . . the only medicated "comfort-shave." Also in Brushless and Lather

SPECTACLE
Photographed by Toni Frissell

Holiday at Eton

IT IS neither the oldest school, nor the hardest in which to enter a son. The Battle of Waterloo was not won on its playing fields (there were no formal playing fields in 1815), and the Duke of Wellington, an Old Boy, never claimed it was—he gave the credit to the doughty, non-U English foot soldier. Yet Eton is the most famous school in the world, and the accomplishments of Old Etonians over the centuries have been substantial. Bacon, Coke, Dryden, Newton, Fielding, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, Gladstone, Macmillan and Aldous Huxley—these are some of the Old Boys of past and present. But the reason for Eton's five centuries of educational prestige is that it absorbs large numbers of boys of average ability and molds them into self-reliant and effective men. Eton's formula for developing "character"—the clue to England's image of itself—is to put a boy in extremely Spartan surroundings, have him play a good many games for the fun in them and encourage him to discharge the privileges and responsibilities that come his way with thoughtfulness and grace.

For much of the year Eton is a study in black and white, but on the fourth of June, the birthday of eccentric King George III, who was a benefactor of the school, Eton bursts out in colors. Parents descend on its grounds, discreetly hooting greetings to "people one has known all one's life." Hitherto scorned sisters acquire prestige through the attentions paid to them by the older, and thus admired, boys. Sports abound. Cricket holds the stage during the day, and in the late afternoon comes the first parade of boats up the Thames, manned by boys wearing the traditional costumes of their boats. Eton's glorious fourth ends with fireworks and the comforting reassurance that tomorrow's before-breakfast classes are, for once, suspended.

Sporting boutonnieres for the June Day occasion, David Martineau and his schoolmates squire David's sister, Lindy.





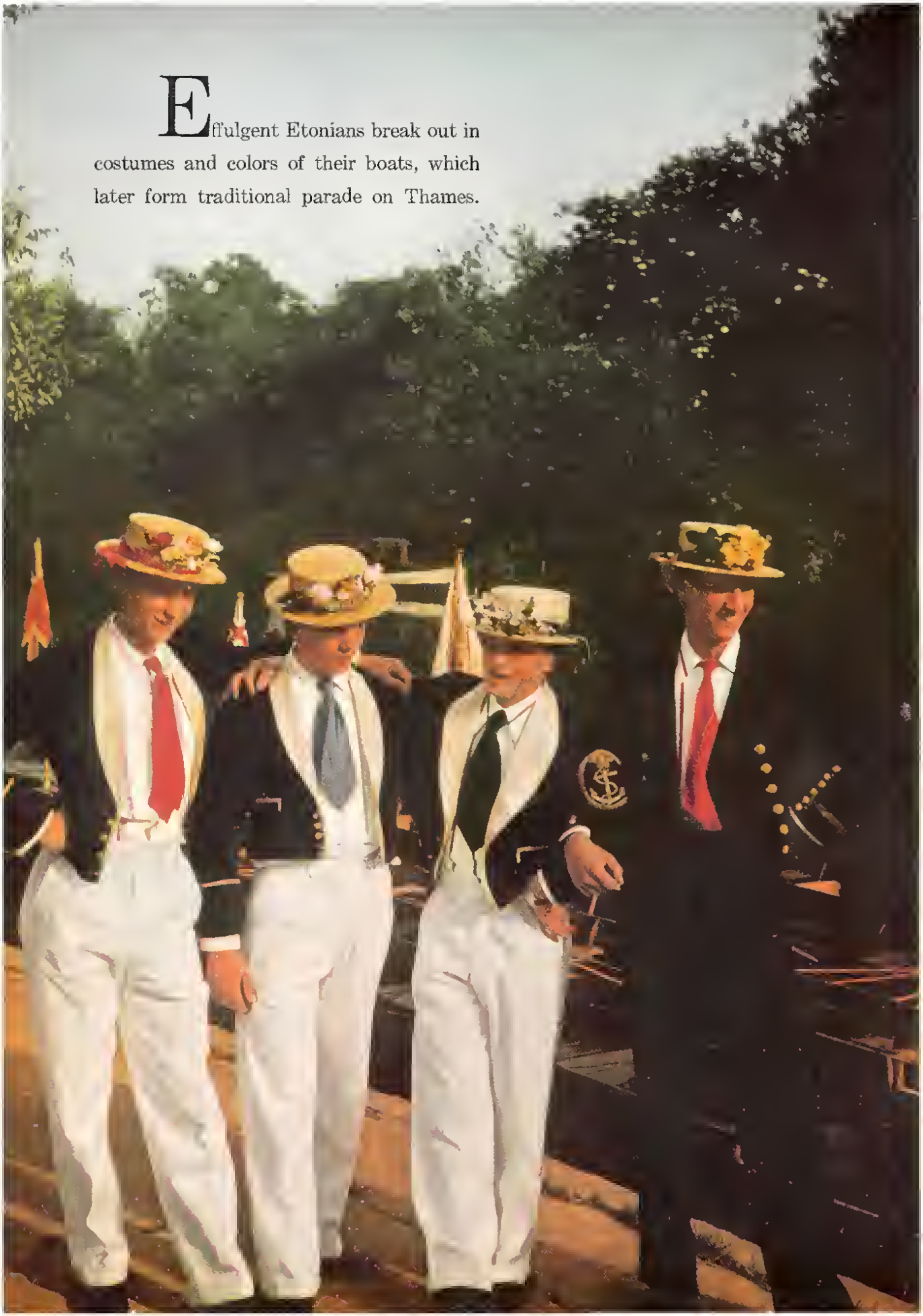


On the green and pleasant turf of one of Eton's playing fields, Agar's Plough, cricket goes on all day as families, friends drop by to watch.

Champagne picnics are spread beside parked cars, which range from compacts to limousines. "Unseasonable warmth," *i.e.*, anything short of raw cold, produces shirtsleeved lunchers.



Effulgent Etonians break out in costumes and colors of their boats, which later form traditional parade on Thames.





One of the notable cameras of the world—the new Kodak Retina Reflex S, *f*/1.9

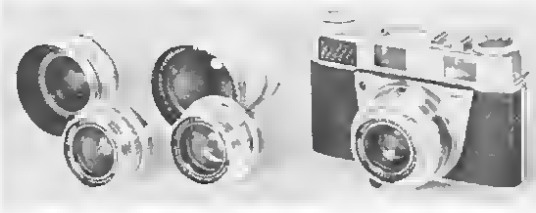
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New Kodak Retina Reflex S Camera gives you command over distance, framing, action, and exposure.

This brilliant new single-lens reflex camera inherits—and enhances—a quarter-century tradition of Kodak Retina greatness.

Shown at right are five of the reasons: the five interchangeable lenses which give you control over distance. Two let you shoot in cramped quarters. Two "pull in" sporting events and far-off scenes. Electric meter links to all.

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BOXING / *Martin Kane*

Breathing easy

A new 'jet' principle led Old Archie to victory; an old body punch made Paret a champ

WHEN Don Jordan, the Geronimo Kid, won the world welterweight title from Virgil Akins a year ago last December he was the traditional hungry fighter come up the hard way—splendidly conditioned, viciously intent on victory, using wits as well as fists. Last Friday night in Las Vegas, Jordan came down from his throne just as hard as he came up. He lost to a fighter who could hurt him but was incapable of mercifully knocking him out. Soon he may be hungry once more, for his financial condition is precarious. And it does not appear that he will ever again be of much account as a fighter.

As early as the fifth round of his 15-round title fight with 23-year-old Benny (Kid) Paret, a light-punching Cuban of no distinction, it was clear that Don Jordan had lost almost everything but courage. He endured a most painful body beating. As an inadequate infighter he took a score of uppercuts to the head without seeming to know how he might avoid them. In the late rounds he fought with brief surges of desperate gallantry, but he could not sustain them. And so another world boxing title left the United States.

It left by way of Las Vegas and in as plush an arena as ever saw champion meet challenger. The city's Convention Center is a magnificent, air-conditioned, mushroom-shaped building with deeply carpeted lobbies, a cocktail lounge, tile and stucco walls in pastel colors and, so help me, net curtains. It is a far cry from St. Nick's, or any other American fight club. Even the audience was pretty: show girls from the casino revues were sprinkled about ringside.

The new champion is one of the youngest ever to win the title. An illiterate who signs contracts with a thumbprint, Paret first came to wide notice when he fought a surprise draw with José Torres in Puerto Rico. More recently, he enjoyed two decisions over Charlie Scott and drew in 12 rounds with Federico Thompson, the Argentine, the same Thompson who knocked out Jordan in four rounds last December. That knockout, and Jordan's defeat at the hands of Candy McFarland in Baltimore on May 16, signaled that Jordan was washed up. Paret was a 2-to-1 favorite.

•

The disintegration of a champion is sometimes swift, as in Jordan's case, or exceedingly slow, as in the case of the wondrous Archie Moore, the light heavyweight champion, who on the preceding Wednesday stopped Heavyweight Willi Besmanoff in a decidedly over-the-weight match at Indianapolis. Archie came into the ring at a majestic 206½ pounds, which is 31½ pounds over the weight he must make if he is to defend his title against Erich Schoppner in a few weeks. Doffing his robe of white silk brocade, the venerable Archie unveiled a paunch a gourmet would be proud of, and one a fighter should never wear. But after the paunch he unveiled his punch.

That big belly made no difference in the result. Knocked down in the second round for no count, Archie rose as he always does and went on to win every succeeding round but the seventh, which was scored even. One of his uppercuts knocked Besmanoff down in the fifth. In the ninth Willi made the mistake of landing a solid right under Archie's proud heart.

The Moore response, a predictable one, was to teach Willi his manners with a crashing overhand right ("I descended at an angle of 90°," Archie said later), and down went the 198½-

continued

UNIMPEDED BY ROLLS OF FAT, ARCHIE MOORE CLIPS BESMANOFF WITH FAST HOOK





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Garcia y Vega
1882

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pound Besmanoff, certainly at an angle of 90°, with a crash that shook the ring. The bell rang before 10.

A relatively light tap in the 10th started blood streaming from Besmanoff's nose and gushing from his mouth, so hideously that Referee Frank Gilmer stopped the fight. Archie won a technical knockout. He did not seem surprised.

Sometimes a dressing room chat with Archie is better entertainment than his fight. This was a night like that. Fending off polite inquiries about his midriff displacement, Archie disclosed that unlike ordinary men who must do grueling roadwork and other dreary chores to prepare for a fight, he has perfected a new method of training.

"I fight myself into condition," he explained. "I get into better shape with each succeeding round. You must have noticed that."

It was true, too, in an *Alice in Wonderland* sort of way. Archie certainly looked better in the ninth and 10th rounds, when he knocked Besmanoff down and then scored a technical knockout, than in the second round, when Besmanoff knocked Archie down. The Moore logic in these matters is inescapable.

Archie was hardly in shape to repeat his famous story of the Australian aborigine who taught him a still-secret reducing diet. Instead, he produced a new and even more romantic mystery.

"I have discovered a secret method of breathing," he announced, giving the impression that though most people breathe through the nose or mouth, Archie is now inhaling through his ears. Before an eyebrow could be lowered he moved briskly on:

"With this secret breathing method I don't get tired like other fighters do. I have this breathing technique in common with the jet planes."

That was as close to a hint as he would give.

Though he cannot go on forever, Archie by no means faces the destitution that has been the lot of so many champions after lush years of big purses. Archie is about to be nicely launched on a new career. It may well take care of him in what we had better call his advanced old age.

Archie has now revealed himself as a first-rate character actor. A few weeks ago in New York some of us were privileged to watch him in a private screening of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. He plays Jim, the runaway slave, and he runs away with the picture.

We have all known for years that he can make you laugh and he can make you cheer, but it now turns out that he can make you want to cry, too. After mid-June, when the picture is released, the odds are very good that Archie Moore, actor, will be in as much popular demand as Archie Moore, fighter.

POOR JORDAN

Vastly different is the situation of Don Jordan, who is only 25 years old compared to Archie's underestimated 46. There is less future for young Jordan than for old Archie. A slum boy who grew up with a misguided admiration for mobsters, Jordan not long ago struck up an acquaintance with the Los Angeles gangster, Mickey Cohen, and they have been buddies ever since.

A few years ago, abandoned by a former manager, Jordan was stranded in Mexico when Don Nesseth, a young fight manager outside the mob, picked him up. Nesseth bought his contract and negotiated Jordan to the championship. Instantly, Frankie Carbo and Blinky Palermo, boxing's most influential gangsters, tried to muscle in. When Nesseth resisted the muscle and told his story to the authorities, Jordan not only quit him but berated him for violating the mobster code of silence.

But Nesseth came out of this Las Vegas fight with checks totaling $90,000, his price for releasing Jordan from his contract. Jordan came out with a mere $2,000, a sum he extorted from Nesseth in his dressing room 20 minutes before the fight by threatening to refuse to enter the ring. Jordan's estranged wife had process servers busy trying to divert the $2,000 pittance to the care of their four children.

Mickey Cohen was at ringside, flanked by his girl friend and Jordan's fiancée. Perhaps friend Cohen will now give Jordan a job. He needs one.

As for Paret, his tenure as champion is likely to be brief, too. Luis Rodriguez, No. 1 contender from Cuba, has beaten him twice and must inevitably be faced again. **END**



Happiest of Klacks on Father's Day is Ernie with gifts of Carter's new knitted boxer shorts

Father's Day always finds Irma and the kids being extra-nice to Ernie. Wheatcakes and the Sunday Sports Section in bed — then the family comes bearing gifts of Carter's *knitted* boxer shorts. (We suspect Irma of an ulterior motive: Carter's *cotton knits* never need ironing.) Ernie is a most happy Klack — surrounded by a goodly supply of superbly soft, dashingly smart Carter's *knitted* boxers. They'd be nice surroundings for you, too, on June 19.

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

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We warmly approve. King's Ransom has *mood*. Its classic bouquet and full body invite delicate savoring and sensuous sipping. Its flavour is fragrant with memories of peat fires, woody glens and burn water. Its rich Malt Whiskies from the Highlands are the very best of the basic types of Scotch.

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TRACK / *Gwilym Brown*

Everybody there saw Kelley

Our best marathoner quit in despair a month ago, but came back to win a trip to Rome

LIKE an enormous pack of hounds straining against a tight leash, 78 runners faced up a tree-shaded street in Yonkers, N.Y. the other day, their heads cocked for the sound of the starter's pistol. At stake was the National AAU marathon title. The race also was the final trial for three places on the U.S. Olympic marathon squad. It thus had particular significance for four or five Olympic contenders, but most particularly for John Joseph Kelley, 29, a wiry little high school English teacher from Groton, Conn., and America's premier marathoner.

A month earlier Kelley's bright career as a road runner seemed to have come to a dismal close. During part one of the Olympic marathon trials, the Boston Marathon, he had stumbled reluctantly from the course with five miles of the 26-mile 385-yard race still ahead of him. His feet were blistered, torn and bloody, apparently from a pair of new running shoes improperly broken in. By not finishing, Kelley had automatically disqualified himself as an Olympic candidate. After the Boston race Kelley's usually haggard face was even more drawn and tense. He sat in a clubhouse just off the finish line, dolefully examining his lacerated feet.

"This is the end of my career," he announced, bitter with his disappointment. "I've made my decision and there will be no qualifications. This was my last race."

For most of the country this statement was about as sensational as Mrs. Wagner announcing a new line of blueberry pies. But on the resolute little group who follow road racing with an almost religious devotion it had a rather shattering impact. Seemingly ended was the career of the amiable little man who had won the Boston Marathon in 1957, the Pan American Games marathon in 1959 and four successive National AAU marathons. Seemingly squelched was the hope that Kelley would become the first American to win an Olympic marathon since Johnny Hayes in 1908.

But a few days later Kelley began to feel like the man who wakes up one morning with a hangover and suddenly remembers that he had told off his boss at a party the night before.

"No doubt I should have kept quiet," he admitted. "My decision after the Boston race to retire was just me, speaking in a moment of self-laceration. But after you've put 4,500 miles a year on your feet for so many years, aiming for a certain goal [the Olympics] and then missing it, the letdown is overpowering. But maybe, when my feet stop hurting and my legs loosen up, I'll compete again."

Actually there was no maybe about it. His coach, Jock Semple, tried to persuade him to try another Olympic

continued

ELATED KELLEY, TRAILED BY WREATH-CARRYING OFFICIAL, SPRINTS THROUGH TAPE



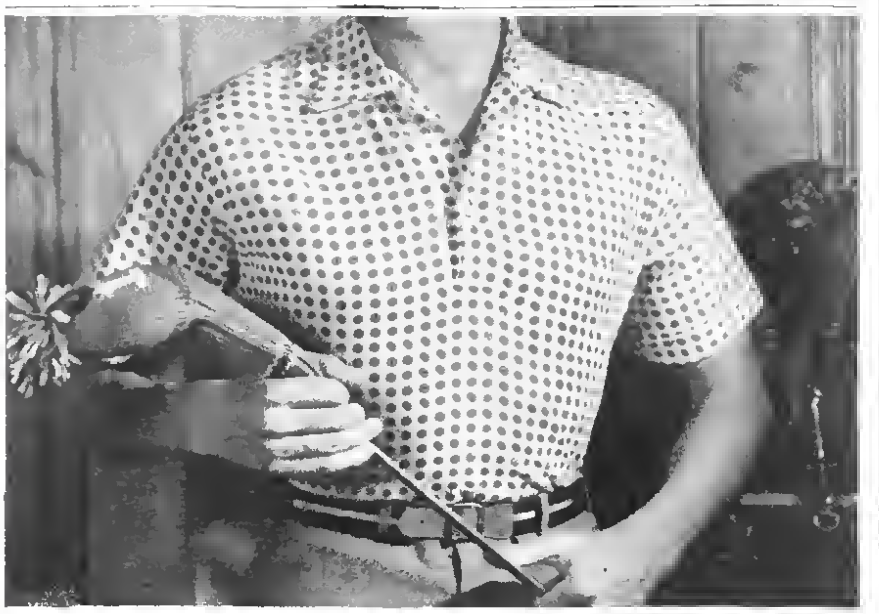
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distance. His tiny, dark-haired wife Jesse applied even more pressure. She said that her husband, in retiring at 29, made her feel old. No man wants to make his wife feel old.

So Kelley came out of retirement. Still in excellent condition from his intensive pre-retirement preparations, he won a five-mile road race. Feeling good, he sent in his entry for the National Marathon. "To cover myself if I decide to run," he said.

LAST-MINUTE REPRIEVE

Then came a real burst of good news. "Kelley is not out of the running because he failed to finish at Boston," announced Pinky Sober, chairman of the U.S. Olympic Track and Field Committee, a few days before the National AAU race. "We have decided to give him every consideration if he *wins* at Yonkers. He did not ask for any consideration, but we want our strongest entry."

So here was Kelley, crouched at the starting line with 77 other hopefuls, given an Olympic reprieve. That is, if he won.

The starter fired his gun, and the field broke from the starting line, Kelley tucked modestly into the middle of the pack. The temperature was in the high 50s, ideal for distance running. Gordon McKenzie, 32, a slight, graceful runner who really prefers the 10,000-meter "sprint," bounded off to an early lead of 250 yards over Kelley and four others.

The runners wove their way over the roads and through the crowded Sunday traffic. After eight miles, Kelley, who had gone back to his old pair of running shoes, had cut the leader's margin to 100 yards, after 10 miles to 50 yards. With just a little over half the race left, Kelley finally drew even with McKenzie.

Four miles later, as they raced down a long, high hill toward the Hudson River, Kelley burst ahead. He left his rival, and the rest of the field, far behind, his feet beating out a sort of percussion jazz tempo. When he sprinted across the finish line Kelley had set a new record of 2:20:13.6 for the hilly course, beaten runner-up McKenzie by 1,000 yards, taken his fifth straight National Marathon title and—adding a final flourish to a season that had begun so badly—solidly made the Olympic team. **END**

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You see, ordinary water—even with the addition of antifreeze or a rust inhibitor—can cause rust and corrosion in your cooling system. This can lead to poor gas mileage, ping, knock, reduced heater-defroster efficiency. And, if left unchecked, burned valves, warped cylinders and heads can result.

New concept—Complete fill

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DOWGARD protects from 240°F. above zero to 40°F. below. It is the only year 'round coolant you can buy. It prevents overheating in summer, freezing in winter.

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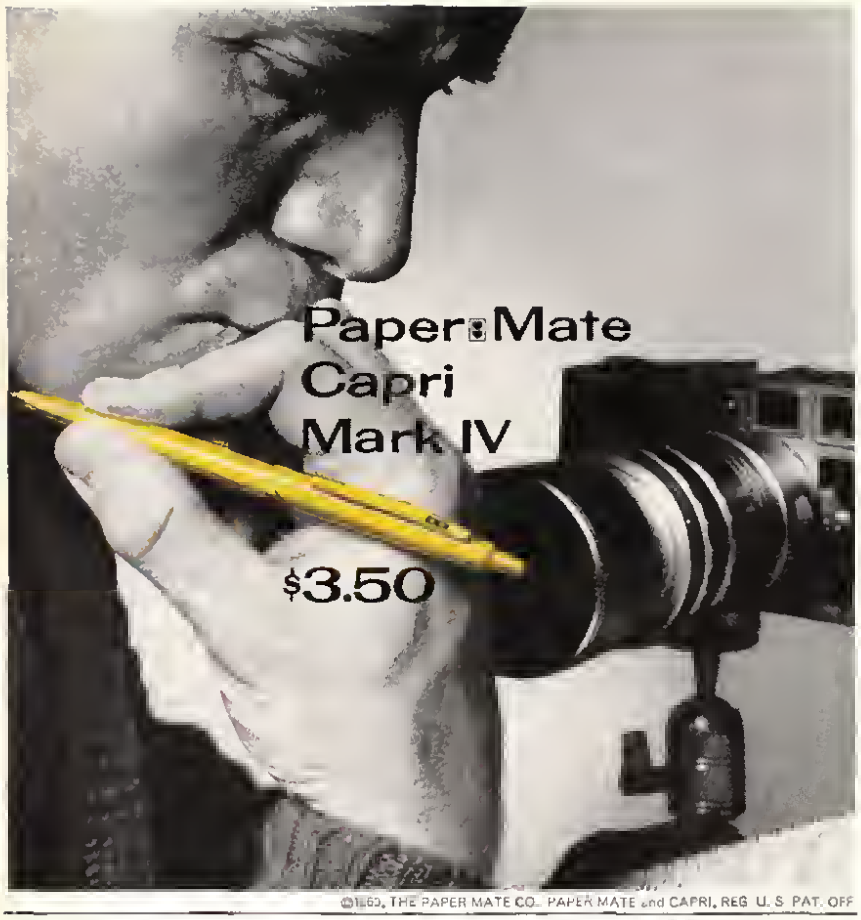
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CHESS / *Robert Cantwell*

Revival of an old Army game

The traditional (and innocent) diversion of spies and secret agents appears in a U-2 setting

IN THE ANNALS of American sport it would be difficult to find any event so completely overshadowed as was the first annual armed forces chess tournament in Washington a fortnight ago. About the time the 12 contestants had adjusted themselves to playing in the air-conditioned basement of the USO building on Lafayette Square, the U-2-summit affair exploded, and the entire city was awash with excitement.

Maybe baseball players can keep right on with their games, no matter what the international situation, but it is another thing for chess players, who tend to be intellectual types absorbed in what is an essentially military game. And when the chess players are also highly intelligent military men, it is impossible. Nevertheless, from 9 every morning until 7 or 8 every night they tried.

Since all chess players in the reserves and National Guard were eligible, it may seem odd that everyone knew ahead of time that the real contest was going to be between an Army private and a captain in the Air Force. Either Arthur Feuerstein, attached to the Seine Area Command in France as an accountant, or Captain John Hudson, a bombardier-navigator from Chennault Air Base in Louisiana, was considered certain to be first; why this was, and why the tournament still remained a first-rate competitive struggle, is one of

the fascinations of chess, and particularly chess in the armed forces. Feuerstein, four times New York state champion, is an experienced tournament player of recognized standing among the top American civilian chess players. Hudson was United States Amateur champion four years ago. A botany student at the University of Pennsylvania, he enlisted during the Korean War and remained in the service.

The other contestants—a Navy captain and commander, an Air Force major and a number of technicians—lacked comparable credentials, but no one entirely discounted them. For one thing, military life does not permit the sustained play needed to keep a Feuerstein or Hudson in top form. For another, even relatively inexperienced chess players are likely to flare up for a moment—not long enough to win the tournament themselves but long enough to knock out Feuerstein or Hudson or any other master.

Each morning the contestants arrived promptly, faultlessly groomed, nodded to each other with reserved cordiality, took their places at the six tables and began to play chess. There was no gallery whatever during the day. The scene resembled that of a classroom in which a group of special students is taking a final examination in advanced mathematics. Two professional-appearing men watched over the games: Hans Kmoch, the referee, a chess master and chess authority and famous prewar European chess correspondent; and Colonel John Matheson, a West Point chess wizard in his cadet days. Occasionally, a player glanced at a newspaper while waiting for his opponent to move, but for the most part they merely waited.

MORE OFFSTAGE DISTRACTIONS

In the USO halls upstairs there was constant—and noisy—activity that could be plainly heard in the chess room below. While the players were brooding over their moves, The Free Lancers, a somewhat progressive group, gave a jazz concert. A snack supper was served by a Methodist Church group and a variety show was put on. There was a Wednesday evening dance, a calypso party and a gala fiesta floor show. A supper party was held by the ladies auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. From time to time visitors from upstairs ventured into the tournament room, looked impressed at the sphinx-like, motionless players and tiptoed away. After five o'clock in the evening a considerable gallery formed, but by that time the players had been at the tables for seven hours or so, and their eyes were beginning to glaze.

Feuerstein, after winning five games in a row, unexpectedly drew his game with Michael Robinson, a former physics student at the University of Chicago, who was far down in the standings. But Hudson, just as unexpectedly, then drew his game with Robert Grande, a technical sergeant from Bolling Field. Hudson and Feuerstein consequently met in the decisive game of the tournament on terms of equal exasperation, since either could have had first place

continued

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cinched. They played the Najdorf variation of the Sicilian Defense, which leads to clogged and complicated positions, pretty fancy highbrow chess, in which the board looks as if the pieces were just scattered at random. This is characteristic of modern sophisticated play, with the players striving to prevent symmetrical and logical patterns from emerging. After almost five hours and 34 moves, Feuerstein offered a draw.



TOP-RATED Army Private Feuerstein concentrates over tournament move.

Hudson accepted it with the greediness of a sleepy man hearing the five o'clock whistle. They shared first- and second-prize money ($1,000 and $500) put up by Thomas Emery, a New York capitalist. A marine in World War I, Emery has earmarked the interest from an investment—reportedly $100,000—to provide annual prizes from now on, as long as chess and the armed forces exist.

That will be a long time, for chess and military tactics have gone together for centuries. In the early days of the nation, chess was the favorite game of military men; for generations it was regarded as the great sport of the intelligence services. As chess players, the military men playing in Washington were no match for the current Russian masters, nor even for many top civilian American players. But as soldiers and sailors returning to an older tradition, and to a game in which Americans once excelled, they accomplished their mission with distinction. **END**



CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

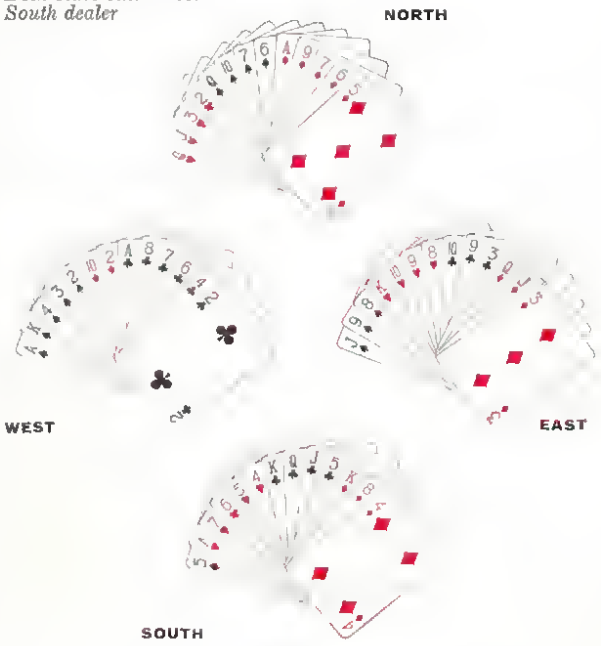
A built-in cliffhanger

READING Jack Olsen's enjoyable new book, *The Mad World of Bridge* (SI, May 23), I ran across several famous bridge hands that perhaps should have found their way into this column long ago.

For example, there's the "Murder Hand," which John Bennett of Kansas City, without knowing it, was playing for his very life. He misplayed the deal, lost his contract and was shot by his wife. Author Olsen cites Ely Culbertson and Sidney Lenz to show how Bennett might have saved his life—and that should be enough to satisfy even the avid bridge fan who wants to know what happened to the hand as well as what happened to the players.

But in the following deal from the first international bridge team match, Olsen may have left at least part of his audience cliffhanging.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	1♠	4♥	PASS
PASS	5♣	PASS	PASS
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

The match was played between Ely Culbertson's team, representing the U.S., and a team selected by Lieut. Colonel Walter Buller of Great Britain. In this deal Buller (West) was a bit overzealous in his defending. Olsen had only this to say about the outcome:

"The Colonel's sacrifice bid, vulnerable, might have won him a Victoria Cross on the battlefield, but all it got him at the bridge table was a colossal set of 1,400 points. In room two, Culbertson, playing the same hand, let his opponents play four hearts, which could have been made but was not."

This casual dismissal of the result reminds me of the tearful bride who returned home to mother on her wedding night and complained: "As soon as we were alone, he started telling me about the hands you and he played in the duplicate game last nigbt. He began with board one and I listened patiently through them all until he got to board 25. Then I decided I'd had enough; I left bim and came home." "Tbat's too bad," her mother sympathized. "Board 25 was the most interesting hand we played all night."

For the benefit of bridge players who might otherwise go through life wondering, here is how that four-heart contract could have been made in spite of the fact that declarer apparently had a losing spade, a losing diamond and two losing trump tricks.

Presume that West opens the spade king and shifts to the diamond 10. Declarer wins and leads the king of clubs. Dummy trumps West's club ace and leads a second spade for declarer to ruff.

South makes his high clubs, then leads to dummy's ace of diamonds and trumps another spade. A diamond lead puts East in, with nothing left but his four trumps. His trump lead is won by dummy's jack and North's last spade is led. East has to trump, South discards his club loser, and once again East has to lead away from his king of hearts, surrendering the last two tricks.

Observe that declarer could not afford even a single lead of trumps. But note, too, that whether or not West had an opportunity to bid both black suits, South had no reason to lead trumps early—and later on he had every reason not to.

EXTRA TRICK

Playing a hand at a trump contract does not mean that declarer must lead trumps himself in order to preserve an advantage. He should only hurry to draw trumps when failure to do so would endanger some of his high-card winners in the side suits. **END**

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GOLF / *Henry Longhurst*

The never never man

A 47-year-old shotmaker from St. Louis almost used up Britain's best amateurs

THE British Amateur Championship is a cruel golf tournament. It is a test not only of golf finesse and skill but of brute stamina as well. Traditionally it is played on the longest courses in the British Isles; courses where wiry rough pinches in on fairways like a matron's girdle, where the best of shots are often swept off line by wild wind gusts and where chill rains soak fairways, cutting distance and intangibly sapping a golfer's vigor. In this setting the winner must play 36 holes a day for the last four days.

Thus a 21-year-old Deane Beman may win the British Amateur by combining precise putting with spring-legged youth, or an older Joe Carr may win it twice (1953 and 1958) by linking booming drives with 20 years of experience at playing British courses in British weather. But a 47-year-old paper salesman from St. Louis, Mo. can, in theory, never, never win it. Last week, however, one almost did.

Thin, graying Robert Cochran, long a top St. Louis amateur, came to the Royal Portrush links in North Ireland seeking "one last chance at a big one." His woods were wonderfully accurate down the narrow Portrush fairways, and while his opponents tried to take this 6,842 ancient championship course (par 36–36: 72) by force, Cochran was out-thinking it. He gave the impression that, while he will from time to time make a bad shot, he might go five years without making an unintelligent one. He took unusual care with his grip, and once set it looked iron-hard. His putting was a model of the stiff-wristed American style which often has proved superior to the more relaxed British stroke. His putts were always louder than his opponents', indicating he hit the ball low and square.

Winner of his first five matches, Cochran was "awfully tired" by the 36-hole semifinal on Friday. Phone calls and nerves had left him with little sleep. Then for seven and a quarter weary hours he battled against 29-year-old Gordon Huddy of England. Never once was he ahead, but he was even at the 35th, gambled everything by hitting a four-wood out of a very bad lie in the rough to birdie the 36th and halve the hole, then hit his second shot on the green of the 5-par, 510-yard 38th to win.



COCHRAN BEAT THEM ALL BUT ONE

In the finals Cochran faced Joe Carr, the 38-year-old pretournament favorite (2 to 1 odds). Always long off the tee (he once drove 383 yards *uphill* in the 1958 World Amateur) Carr was now accurate, too. The fatigue, the ache of his chronically bad back, and the sight of Carr's drives 40 yards ahead of his own, were too much for Bob Cochran. He couldn't match Carr's 69 going out; finally lost 8 and 7.

With that, Deane Beman's British Amateur title went to Ireland, but once again an American had made a profound impression in British golfing circles. And there were renewed complaints that the 36-hole semifinal and final matches were too long and too exhausting. A champion is expected to be fit. He should not be expected to be young. **END**

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Tip from the Top

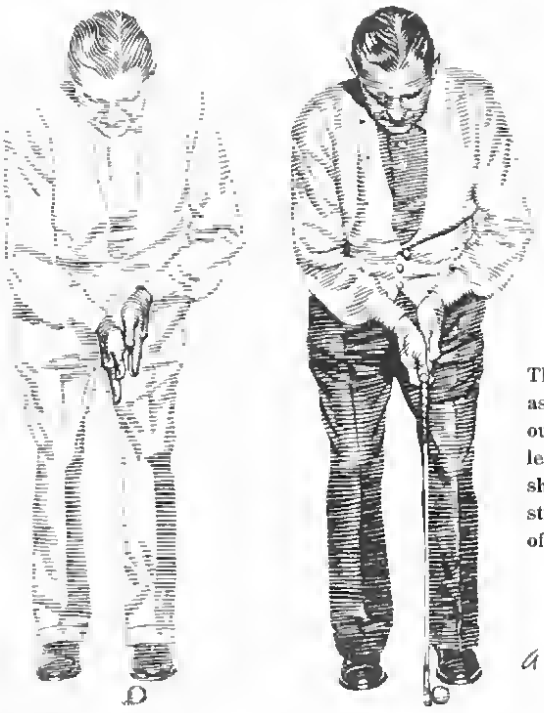
HORTON SMITH, *Detroit Golf Club*

The box principle in putting

PUTTING is the most precise and certainly the most fickle part of golf. Through the years I have concluded there is a strong relationship between the psychology, philosophy and mechanics of this so-called "other" game.

I cannot overstress the value of a consistent and confident attitude toward putting. You must be positive, decisive, trustful and patient: positive in that you think every putt can be holed; decisive in that you never doubt your plan once you have made up your mind; trustful in that you realize that through learning and practice you have grooved your mechanics; patient in that you recognize that you will make your fair share of putts in relation to your skill, touch and intelligent practice. As many putts are missed through mental errors as mechanical.

Yet, first, there must be a sound mechanical foundation. This is what can be taught; the rest must be sensed. The basic point of all putting fundamentals is squareness. I call it the "box" principle. It means simply that the feet, hips, shoulders and hands must all be square to the putting line. The key is the hand position: the back of the left hand and the palm of the right must always face directly toward the hole. The principle holds true at every stage of the putting stroke. You can achieve the square feeling of the left hand leading the backstroke and the right hand hitting squarely at and through impact only when you have mastered the box principle.



The position of the hands as they should be throughout the swing is shown at left. The clubhead as it should be throughout the stroke—square to the line of putt—is shown right.

A Ravielli

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BOWLING / *Huston Horn*

No time to spare

That's the way alley owners would like to have it, but the slow bowler rolls on and on

HAVE YOU heard the one down at the bowling alley about the slow bowler? He took his pregnant wife bowling and in the sixth frame was stymied by a tricky spare. Before he resolved his problem his wife departed, bore a son and, years later, sent the boy to fetch his father home.

Not many people find that joke very funny (which, the Lord knows, it isn't). But it must be said that the people not laughing the loudest are the men of America who own bowling establishments. For it is they who, in this bittersweet age of bowling prosperity (the number of bowling lanes has more than quintupled in the last five years), know the slow bowler well. And, backs to the wall, they stand dourly opposed.

Indeed they must, because the slow bowler is a dollar-sapping menace. He is because he is a dilly-dallying, gossipy, fidgety, unproficient, posturing, self-serving time squanderer, and he is because he utterly lacks a purposeful sense of duty toward the bowling proprietor. That duty, as any proprietor knows, is to bowl fast, spend money fast and make way for the next customer fast. Yet it is the inescapable conclusion of the beleaguered proprietors that nothing is more alien to the slow bowler's principles.

Probably you've no real idea how grave the slow-bowler problem has become. "It is nothing to lose 25% of your business on the weekends," says one alley proprietor, and by that he means a man is sitting pretty if he loses no more. "Why, it used to be you could figure to get 100 lines, or games, on every alley every day of the weekend. Nowadays it's down to 70 or 75 lines." At 44.2¢ a game (the official average cost of bowling in the U.S.), the loss, in the bigger alleys, can amount to as much as $500 daily. And this is not to mention that, consequently, fewer pairs of bowling shoes are rented (average rental 20¢ a night) and that fewer bowlers, thirsting and hungering, are lining up at the bar for ice cream sodas and what'll-you-have. (Bowling people don't like to talk about beer and liquor in these words but they do admit that where these refreshments are legal nearly every alley sells them and that, along with shoes and sodas and sandwiches, they account for 31.7% of the profits.)

All implications to the contrary, the slow bowler is not, of course, a man of confirmed evil. (There is no such thing, it is said, as a slow bowler who is all bad.) Rather he is a victim of today's excess leisure, its mechanization and its TV environment.

With more time to kill, there are naturally more people bowling nowadays. Of these, a lot scarcely know a strike when they see one, and, as amateurs, they seldom do. As a result, the novice must frequently bowl almost twice as many balls as the expert, taking almost twice as much time to do it. *Q.E.D.*: a slow bowler.

Paradoxically, the fast-thinking, automatic pin setter, virtually in universal use today, has also helped develop slow bowling. "Before you had pin setters," says a pin setter seller, "you had pin boys. Pin setters are polite, but pin boys were rude, and they would bang on the floor and tell you to get a move on, you think we got all night? There wasn't a slow bowler going who could stand up to that kind of pressure." Without that pressure the slow bowler *assumes* he has all night, and he takes it—to tell a joke (if not the slow-bowler joke), to agitate over the score sheet, to sip beer soulfully and, occasionally, to bowl.

Television bowling shows have affected and, in a sense, helped promote slow bowling. The new bowler, of an impressionable stripe, sees the world's best bowlers on TV. But because the expert is bowling for bushels of money, and because the show thrives on manufactured suspense,

continued



Illustrations by Marc Simont

Slow bowler wearing TV manners . . .



and otherwise wearing out welcome



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the TV bowlers' movements are slow, considered and studied. Next day the slow bowler, though not on TV, has on his TV manners. Hence there is considerable posing, if not much suspense, between his gutter balls.

Obviously, with profits shrinking and proprietors agonizing for relief, something ought to be done. Something has been. The National Bowling Council, an association of parties interested in profitable bowling, and plenty of it, has taken the lead by establishing a Slow Bowling Committee. The incorruptible mission of the SBC is, seemingly, to equate slow bowling somehow with conspiracy to defraud the management.

The road to redemption has been approached in assorted ways. The SBC is waging a subtle propaganda police action in magazines read by bowling's faithful. It has distributed cartoons depicting the slow bowler in shaming, unflattering caricature. It has weighed the merit of such ideas as awarding small prizes (a cigarette lighter, maybe a stop watch) for the week's fastest bowler. And it has discussed the practicability of equipping the up-to-now well-mannered pin setter with a built-in discourtesy device. This refinement, as envisioned, would drum its fingers testily for some 30 seconds, and, if a ball was not forthcoming, it would clear the pins without so much as a by-your-leave and move imperiously on to the next frame.

Finally, the SBC has sponsored a contest for the most provocative newspaper columns and magazine promotions combating slow bowling. Compulsive slow bowlers wanting earnestly to get right with the SBC ought to commit to memory what the prize winners had to say:

Don't try to sneak in a wisecrack to friends before shooting.

Don't make telephone calls when it is close to your turn.

Don't pay any attention to those TV bowlers.

Do know how you'll play a shot the instant you step up.

Don't waste time getting vexed when you miss this shot.

Do keep your eyes on the tenpins and off the female pins.

In short, don't have a Slow-bowling Watchbird (and somebody slowly going broke) watching you. **END**

Second step at three months

ONE month ago a new program of exercises for 2-month-old babies was introduced to help American parents build a fit generation of children right from the cradle. René Pouteau (*below*), now 3 months old, and his mother Julia (*bottom right*) have already finished the first set of exercises (SI, May 2). Here they begin the second step with five more, each one designed specifically for the 3-month-old baby. These exercises, like the earlier ones, follow the growing baby's natural movements and help to strengthen every part of the baby's body. With daily repetition, preferably with music to add rhythm, the baby's progress becomes more and more evident.

Photographs by Suzanne Szasz





1 **FOOT ROTATION** develops strong, supple feet and ankles. Gently place the soles of baby's feet together. Baby instinctively turns feet outward. Help him to turn them a little further. Repeat five times *slowly*.



2 **OVERHEAD STRETCH** aids shoulder strength and flexibility. Place baby's hands at sides, then *gently* stretch arms overhead. Do five, repeat later



3 **BICYCLE** exercise also develops strength through baby's instinctive muscular resistance. Gently stretch one leg quite straight, slowly bend the other knee high. Alternate legs. Do three sets of eight at intervals.



4 **THE SWALLOW** was an exercise for 2-month-old. At 3 months raise baby's legs a little higher, hold for count of five, then lower. Do four times.

5 **LEG CROSSOVER** is an important aid to hip and back flexibility. Grasp lower part of baby's left leg and *gently* cross over right leg until the left foot is flat on the floor. Alternate legs. Repeat eight times.



SIT-UP is for mother. With feet thrust under a support, *knees bent* and hands behind neck, do 10 *slow* roll-ups. Repeat 10 every morning and night.



A MAN MAY BE SOME DUCK'S MOTHER

A man can try, anyway—when he isn't reporting on waterfowl romances, feeding panhandlers, peering at old gunshot wounds or planting microphones to record the 10th call of the pintail

Text and photographs by **COLES PHINIZY**

ONE DAY late last June, beside a dirt road that runs through the Delta Waterfowl Research Station on Lake Manitoba, Canada, a 2-day-old motherless mallard duckling sat hungry and lonely, cheeping in distress. In front of the duckling stood Gilbert Gottlieb of Durham, N.C. In the two days since the duckling had chipped out of the egg in the Delta Station hatchery it had never seen its mother, nor, for that matter, seen any duck or living thing except Gilbert Gottlieb. Gottlieb was trying to see if this duckling would follow him as if he were its mother.

Gottlieb does not look like a mother duck. He is a 5-foot-10, well-proportioned, brown-eyed, bespectacled 29-year-old student of clinical psychology. As the good musculature of his shoulders suggests, Gottlieb swims well and likes water, but beyond that he has little in common with a mother duck. To get the newly hatched duckling to follow him, Gottlieb bent over and slowly backed away, moving his hands in and out as if playing a small accordion. As he backed down the road, Gottlieb repeated softly, "Come, come, come." The duckling did not come.

Gottlieb then got down on all fours and backed away like a timorous crab, still repeating, "Come, come, come." The duckling took several wandering steps, stopped, cheeped and stared vacantly up at the vast, bewildering dome of summer sky.

Newly hatched ducklings have been known to walk more than a mile following their mothers in the desperate quest for water. Ducklings, for want of a better mother, have been known to attach themselves to Leghorn hens, monkeys, humans and house cats. That being the case, what was wrong with Gilbert Gottlieb?

During the first day of the duckling's life, Gottlieb had placed it on a shielded circular platform for 20 minutes while a motorized papier-mâché model of a mallard drake circled the platform. The duckling began following the fake male mallard. Later, when the duckling was about 27 hours old, Gottlieb tested it again. This time a model of a female mallard, as well as the original male model, circled slowly. The duckling still followed the phony male. The duckling had learned the looks of the male model and had learned to follow it and now preferred the male to the unfamiliar female. As psychologists say in the trade, the duckling was "imprinted" on the fake male. When tested later beside the road, the duckling did not follow Gottlieb because Gottlieb does not look like a fake male mallard.

The duckling was a typical performer among 195 newly hatched mallards and domestic Pekings that Gottlieb tested under identical conditions to find out if a wild species will follow the first moving object it sees more readily and devotedly than will a domestic fowl. Since the first thing it sees usually is its real mother, this trait of following is, logically, a good one for a wild duckling. For a domestic duckling the same trait is not vital and might even be a drawback: in the heavy traffic of the barnyard the duckling that follows too readily might start going around with the wrong crowd. Whatever the logic, in his tests Gottlieb found that, by and large, both wild and domestic ducklings followed and became attached to the same fake "mother" with equal zeal.

Though Gottlieb's findings are not apt to create a stir in the world at large, over the years they will serve a variety of scientists who are trying to find out why humans, as well as ducks, behave as they do. The wild world of ducks is not yet bound for extinction, and the crowded world of men has never yet gone completely off its rocker. But both could bear some watching.

The wild ducklings that Gottlieb used for his tests were subsequently pen-reared at the Delta Station and released, and very likely most of them joined the great armadas of mallards

continued

PANHANDLING GEESE, searching for food at edge of marsh, invade the cabin of their zoologist friend Neil McArthur as he studies parasite hostile to waterfowl.


WATER
DISTILLED



BOTANIST Jennifer Walker crouches in marsh to make careful examination of plant life that is ideal for mallards and other ground-nesting ducks.



PSYCHOLOGIST Gilbert Gottlieb looks into mirror at shielded platform where duckling he trained waddles devotedly alongside a rotating dummy drake.

that came down the U.S. flyways last fall from the Canadian prairies and parklands. Chances are about half of them made it safely back to some Canadian marsh this spring. The brief, strange training they experienced under Gilbert Gottlieb will probably have little effect on the fortunes of any of them. To survive, each separately will depend on its instincts, on how much it learns in the special world of ducks, and on luck.

If, in his tests at the Delta Research Station, Gottlieb had led his ducklings down the road while blowing a flute, he would have attracted scant notice. Scientists have been working at Delta for 22 years, and in that time a flute is but one of many logical and illogical tools that have been used in the study of waterfowl (ducklings respond to flutes—E below middle C works well, but the warning cry of an emperor goose works better).

The Delta Station sits astride a narrow barrier dune that separates Lake Manitoba from a long, 36,000-acre expanse of marsh. The Delta marsh is an excellent summer range for waterfowl and, accordingly, an ideal place to study them. The rotten ice, vestige of winter, still lies on the open waters of the marsh in early April when the first ducks settle in. Through spring and summer, ducks, geese, coots and scientists come and go. By the time the hard, cold winds of late October sweep the marsh, the last scientist has departed with a bushel of data, and the last lingering mallards, bellies full of grain, are marshaling to take their chances south over the hunters.

Delta is the foremost waterfowl study center of this continent, but to the hasty eye it does not look it. By day the scientists at Delta are busy out of sight, on the marsh, in the hatchery and library, or in mink houses that have been converted into offices. The pens and enclosed ponds holding full-winged and pinioned birds needed for research are hidden from the main road by the hatchery, administration building and a lodge. Often along the road the most obvious sign of life is an old, well-fed Labrador retriever dozing in the sun with a tame magpie perched on its back, irritably fending off the swooping attacks of songbirds. Across the road from the fussing magpie, a small willow is garnished with a hopeless tangle of cellophane kite tail. A hockey goalie's stick lies in the grass beside the road, and the holster of a shoot-'em-up cap pistol hangs from a fence stave—sure signs that not all of Delta's young come out of eggs.

THE RICH LIFE OF THE MARSH

Beyond the labyrinth of the station's pens and fenced-in ponds the vast maze of pristine marsh stretches south, east and west to the horizon—a mosaic of phragmites and bulrush, interlocking bays and isolated sloughs, shining bright in the low sun of the long afternoons. Swatches of cumulus breaking off the cloud banks that rise over the lake dapple the sky, reflecting in the water, casting shadows on the phragmites, adding to the changing colors. As the sun sinks, it gilds the wild trumpeter swans on the ponds, picks up the flights of white pelicans against the darkening sky four miles away, and burnishes the breasts of Franklin's gulls returning after a day of grubbing behind tractors on the prairie grainlands to the south. River ducks jump up from the sloughs, impelled by love, fear or hunger. Terns slowly beat their way windward, then slide back with the wind, again and again. In a small pond behind the lodge a mallard upends, scrounging the lush bottom; a ringneck loafs in the reeds; scaup and canvasback dip and preen and shake their heads, flicking jewels of pond water from their bills. On a nearby bank white-cheeked Canada geese parade singly and two abreast, heads high, stepping slowly like deans and university fellows marching to a Harvard commencement.

The tap water of the Delta lodge comes from shallow drillings under the marsh. The water is potable, but it is the color of weak tea and tastes as if ducks had been walking in it. The station imports better water for table use, but in a number of other ways the rich life of the marsh pervades the lodge itself. The whonk-whonk of geese and swans and the muffled gabble of ducks filter through

continued

SAFE FOR THE SUMMER on the Delta marsh, a canvasback drake, prize of eastern gunners, floats lazily through liquid colors reflecting from the sky and reeds.



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the walls. When the wind on the marsh is barely strong enough to be felt on the cheek, still in the lodge it finds some crack to whistle through, some door to slam and shutter to bang. The eaves of the lodge are jam-packed with nesting swallows, so that by day in the walls there is a constant murmuring, rustling and thumping as if a guild of Lilliputian carpenters were at work lifting the roof.

Last June, while the swallows were crowding the eaves and Psychologist Gilbert Gottlieb was training ducklings to follow a false mother, the sounds of the marsh were penetrating the lodge with exceptional volume. Across the road from Gottlieb's work cabin, in the reeds behind the lodge, Robert Smith, a Tennesseean educated at Auburn and Utah State, had inserted a crystal microphone in a pintail's nest. The mother pintail was away at the time, but since the eggs were on the verge of pipping—a time when a pintail hen's loyalty runs strong—Bob Smith knew the mother would return. After planting the microphone, Smith retired to a bunk room in the lodge to hear and record whatever might be said between mother and eggs. The microphone was very sensitive. While Smith listened from sundown to near sunup, he picked up much of the night life of the marsh—low grunts, squeals, whirring sounds and all manner of undefinable noises. Several scaup on the pond chuckled softly. A distant goose gave a single, blatant honk, protesting an intruder or, possibly, making noise just for the hell of it. In another moment a Virginia rail sang out, its beautiful, fluted decrescendo cutting the night air as clear and clean as a falling star. Farther down the lodge the voices of two apprentice biologists arguing the merits of the Canadian Avro jet fighter drifted out through a window and were returned to Smith via the microphone. Mosquitoes buzzed around the pintail nest, and 20,000 feet up an airliner growled past, bound for somewhere. A bird walked through the water near the nest, its sloshing amplified through the speaker to brontosaurian proportions. The mother pintail moving on the nest, turning the eggs, sounded like a bear breaking through a thicket. The weak but urgent peeping and tap-tapping of the pipping ducklings came through clearly. Except for an occasional sigh, the mother apparently said nothing in return for some time, but as the night passed Smith began to hear a different sound, a series of notes, much like the peeps of the ducklings but lower pitched and muted as if coming from an egg well buried in the clutch. The sound became stronger through the night, resembling more the voice of an adult. By the time Smith cut off the tape recorder in the predawn, there was no doubt this different sound came not from an egg but from the mother.

The vocabulary of the pintail is complex and effective, involving various combinations of nine calls and some two dozen commonplace body movements. Bob Smith's microphone had picked up something new: a 10th call of the pintail. Smith eventually will put the best samples of this call, along with samples of other pintail calls, through an oscilloscope. Oscillographs of duck noises will never be used by game managers in the field, but they are valuable in eliminating the human bias that intrudes on the study of ducks. No two duck experts are alike, and the cacophonic quacks, kuk-kuks, whistles and peeps that one expert emits to imitate a duck often fools ducks but rarely sounds right to another expert. The oscillograph will pin down the 10th call of the pintail exactly.

FOUR YEARS OF SNOOPING

For Bob Smith, the discovery of the 10th call was only one small advance in a four-year quest to plot and understand the behavior of pintails. In Texas, Utah, Alberta and Manitoba, through courtship, mating, nesting, molting and migrating, Smith has closely watched more than 2,000 pintails, observing them not collectively as a species but as individuals —to couch it in human terms, Smith has been snooping. He cannot say what is going through each pintail mind, but by watching the movement of a duck he can often predict what the duck will do next. In a courting group, he cannot predict which drake will get the girl, but by watching the lateral headshakes, the wing stretching, head pumping, back preening, bill dipping and tail wagging, at any moment he has a fair idea which drake feels sure of himself, which is ill at ease, and which is apt to make the big move and show the back of its head to the female (showing the back of the head is the height of intimacy among unmated pintails).



BIOLOGIST Robert Smith records distress peeps of newborn duckling as part of a four-year study he is doing on the complex behavior of pintails.

By midmorning after his long tape recording session Bob Smith is 25 feet up in a tower with binoculars looking for pintails. A lone male stands on a stack of dead reeds. By the combination of colored bands on its legs Smith knows this is the mate of the nesting pintail whose 10th call he picked up the night before. About now this male should be congregating with other males, moving along to safer waters for the postnuptial molt. But instead, the male has been meeting another female on the stack of reeds. Is it true love? Smith doesn't know, but it is worth watching.

As Smith watches, eight miles east, where the Delta road runs through growths of popple and willow, Jennifer Walker, a fair, brown-eyed graduate of London University, walks in the muck at the marsh edge. Four years ago the water in this area stood three feet higher than the 40-year mean. Now it is dropping again, the drier land going over to grasses and sedge but the emergent plants still

continued

inhibited by clotted stalks of dead phragmites. At a fast glance a biologist could deduce that the area is improving for nesting mallards and shovelers but is still not much for canvasback or redheads. To Jennifer Walker, at the moment, it is immaterial whether the lush growth supports mallards or a colony of pterodactyls. Her mission is botanical: to assess the abundance and nature of the growth in varying parts of the marsh. Jennifer carries a knapsack, an aluminum vasculum slung over one shoulder for storage of questionable discoveries, a magnifying glass on a cord around her neck, a knife tied to her belt, a clipboard with a pen tied to it and, wedged in her right wader, a small notebook with another pen tied to it (she loses about a dozen pens in the bogs every season). Thus equipped, last year Jennifer walked 10 or 20 miles a day to and from select spots in the marsh. This year she has a small, asthmatic used car that usually carries her most of the way before burrowing in to the hub caps. To get unbiased samples, Jennifer turns her back on the strip of marsh she is assessing and throws a stick over her shoulder. Then, using the stick point as one corner, with four pegs and string she stakes out a half-meter square (she had a chain for this purpose, but it, too, is lost in the marsh). Every plant stemming out of the square counts in the sample. Jennifer crouches in the growth, begins examining the plants, pushes the vasculum out of her way, opens her clipboard, examines more plants, swats a mosquito on her forehead, swings the vasculum out of the way again, picks up the clipboard that has slid off her knee, swats another mosquito, disentangles her pen string from a thistle, swats another mosquito and starts writing. And so she proceeds, from day to day, recording the prosperity of whitetop, cattail, bulrush, stinging nettle, skullcap, duckweed, pigweed, sow thistle, fleabane, gypsywort and cursed crowfoot.



HATCHERY EXPERT Peter Ward feeds cygnets of the rare wild trumpeter swan.

As Jennifer swats bugs and counts plants, about 60 yards from where Bob Smith is watching pintails, a bearded, lean-faced Canadian zoologist, Neil McArthur, pulls a large handful of grass from the ground. It does not matter to McArthur whether the greenery he pulls is pigweed, gypsywort or the fronds of a banana plant. McArthur is merely on his way to work, and his route takes him through the domain of the young Canada geese which the station raises to replace flocks that have been shot to extinction. With their heads half-cocked and quivering, like adders about to strike, the young Canadas used to hiss distrustfully at McArthur. The Canadas now find him a kind man, good for a handout of grass every time. After feeding the geese, McArthur walks on to a small cabin and settles down to a microscope to look for traces of a blood parasite that attacks ducks, much as malaria attacks men. While McArthur works, the cabin door stands open. It has to. Someone left it open several weeks ago, and a swallow, seeking *Lebensraum* away from the lodge eaves, built a nest inside. The swallow flicks in and out, barely noticed by McArthur, but a few moments later a shuffling sound catches his attention. The lead geese of the Canada flock have entered looking for him. The rest of the flock stands just outside the door waiting for another handout.

Drought across the vital breeding areas of Saskatchewan and Alberta made last summer a poor one for ducks. The hatching of eggs shipped in from the dry areas, the harboring of geese to replace extinct flocks, the first captive breeding of vanishing wild trumpeter swans on this continent—every year some work of that sort, impelled by crises of the present, goes on at Delta. But it is the particular virtue of the place that most research, whether it involves discovery of a 10th call for the pintail or a hunt for a hostile protozoan on a stained slide, is done with little regard for how the ducks of the present are making out.

The Delta Station was established by James F. Bell of Minneapolis, who is better known outside conservation circles as the founder of General Mills. The station is now managed by the American Wildlife Institute and supported by the North American Wildlife Foundation with donations from interested agencies, gun companies and hunters who feel the work is worth $10 or more a year. The aim of the station has remained constant through the years: to give scientists a chance to study with few strings attached.

In the field of waterfowl, as anywhere, the researcher who enjoys academic freedom and does not wear his blinders too tight often comes upon something bigger than he aimed for. There was never, for example, a good way of getting an unbiased picture of hunting pressures on ducks until 1947 when two aides of the Michigan Department of Conservation, working on a lesser problem, unwittingly found a new method of assessing the impact of the autumn barrage on all types of migratory fowl. The traditional method of measuring hunting pressure, counting bands returned by hunters, is a poor one. Some hunters are conscientious about mailing in bands; some are not. (Studies have shown that the word reward printed on a band will more than double the returns.) Every year there are hunters mad about the shrinking bag limits who conscientiously do *not* turn in bands. In 1947, while testing the value of a fluoroscope for determining how much lead shot ducks were eating off pond bottoms, the Michigan conservationists, Whitlock and Miller, found a means of bypassing the

hunters and getting data on hunting pressure directly from the ducks themselves. As they searched the gizzards and stomachs of 900 live, wild mallards with the fluoroscope, Whitlock and Miller frequently found shot elsewhere in the bodies, indicating that one out of every four of the birds had been hit by a hunter at least once (19 of the ducks had wing fractures knit well enough to make it back into the air). Prompted by this discovery, in cooperation with Delta, Dr. William Elder of the University of Missouri developed the equipment and techniques for rapidly fluoroscoping ducks in the field. The tecbnique will not solve the whole problem. It will serve to show marked changes in hunting pressure and, in the face of grumbling about seasons and bag limits, will show with utter impartiality whether the hunter is still getting a fair crack at whatever comes down the flyways.

NO DUCK IS PERFECT

The foremost service, in effect, of the Delta Station has been to broaden the scope of waterfowl research. Thirty years ago European zoologists were doing the most advanced thinking. They were learning for the sake of learning, while here the experts were devoted to practical problems, dealing with ducks as annual crops, which, if planted under certain conditions, should produce certain yields. In popular writing a duck was represented as an object of wonder, superhumanly infallible, consistent in its ways, impelled along an undeviating track by miraculous instincts. From the hunter's limited point of view that is a fairly honest picture, for the hunter in the flyways sees only a small part of the total spectrum of duck behavior. The biologists who today pry into the lives of waterfowl the year round know that ducks and geese are often bewilderingly devious in their ways and prone to error. A female duck of any species can recognize her mate among a thousand males, but loyal as she is to her young, she usually cannot tell her own eggs from a nestful of 25-watt light bulbs. The navigational skill of Canada geese is very good; still, flocks have been seen gyrating wildly, aimlessly, for hours. No one has fired a gun, but the flocks suddenly seem leaderless. The weather is

continued

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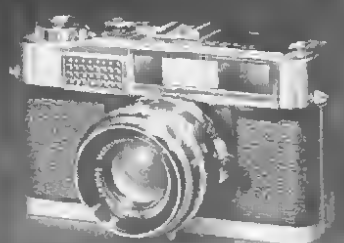
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fair, visibility unlimited, yet the flocks seem to have lost their way. No one knows why mother ducks at times forsake cover to lead their ducklings down the middle of a paved highway, and no one knows why two Canada geese tried to walk into St. James Church in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, at the start of Sunday service. Ducks sometimes land on airport runways by mistake, get lost in fog, are beaten out of the sky by hail and storm. Sometimes they fly east when they should go north, and west instead of south.

Science no longer considers a flock of 100 ducks to be one duck multiplied by 100, but a society of individuals, decidedly similar but not identical, each playing many parts through the shifting seasons. It obtains that any ideas for helping waterfowl must stem from the truth that ducks and geese are not miracles of nature but mortal products of it, not altogether consistent and often blundering.

The change in the approach to learning did not come suddenly but was, rather, the result of a cautious revolution that has been going on for a good while. Some of the most notable advances in waterfowl study were effected by the most familiar researcher at Delta, a man named Albert Hochbaum, who has served as director of the station since its start. Hochbaum's summers are largely consumed in running the station and filling the needs of ducks and duck-minded men. The winter is given over more to his own projects. Hochbaum is a large man who speaks in a soft, husky voice and walks with a shuffling step, his arms swinging loosely from broad, slack shoulders. As he moves down the station road pondering his next problem his general mien is that of some ancient man heading out to grapple with a bear. His hands would reach a fair way around a bear's neck and could possibly do the job, but they are also graced with a lighter touch. Hochbaum was educated as an ornithologist and game manager; he is also an artist and writer. His reports are written to satisfy the scientific mind, yet a layman with a taste for wildfowling is seldom lost reading them and is, in fact, rewarded by a quality of writing seldom found this side of Thoreau. In his reports, specifically his two major works, *Canvasback on a Prairie Marsh* and *Travels and Traditions of Waterfowl*, Hochbaum goes a long way toward explaining many facets of duck behavior that previously had been conveniently tucked away under the old cover-all, instinct. In vital processes such as migration, the part of instinct is considerable, but it is the sure opinion today that any southbound duck counting solely on instinct would never make it past St. Louis. As Hochbaum maintains in his reports, "The act of migration may be inherent, but the world in which it takes place is learned." The waterfowl inherits the ability to fly, the urge to mate and an appetite, but it learns where to fly, the looks of its mate and what and where to eat. The ducklings that Gilbert Gottlieb put on a shielded platform followed instinctively, but they learned to follow the dummy drake. The young geese of the Delta flock grazed naturally, but they learned that Zoologist McArthur was a soft touch. The ducks in migration are no longer the mystical wonder they were when Audubon and Bonaparte were looking skyward. For a point-to-point flight of 2,000 miles, with good visibility at 2,000 feet, a duck needs only about 30 landmarks, no more or less than a plane pilot. Like any proper novice,



DELTA DIRECTOR Albert Hochbaum is dedicated to waterfowl on four counts—as hunter, scientist, artist and writer.

juvenile ducks learn traditional highways carved in the wind by their elders. Tests at Delta show that a duck can orientate itself, in effect plot its position and direction, by the slanting sun and wheeling stars—remarkable, but no more so for a duck than for the old Polynesians. When clouds hide the celestial cues and fog covers the land, the ducks stay put. Those that chance it often stray off course.

PRECARIOUS COEXISTENCE

The waterfowl are better understood, but none of the men who understand them best feel that this alone will secure any species of wild duck or goose for the future. It is not the hunter but the whole human race that is the major threat to waterfowl today. As most wildfowlers know, the best North American ducklands lie not in wildernesses but in U.S. and Canadian areas now used heavily for farming and industry. The ducks now live virtually underfoot, hard by the drainage ditches, victims of the bulldozer's tread and the sharp bite of the plow—since they cannot talk back, much less shoot back, for waterfowl this is a precarious sort of coexistence.

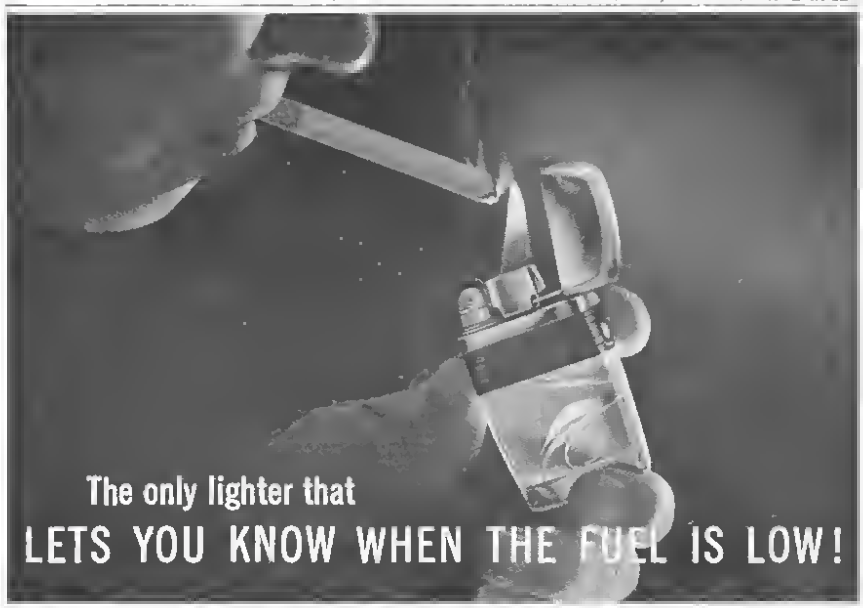
In his reports, written and oral, Albert Hochbaum of Delta deals usually with the advances of research. But Hochbaum is both a technician and a hunter, and in one address he had this to say: "My grandfather, native of Chicago, did his wildfowling on the great Kankakee Marsh of Illinois—as fine a place surely as the Delta and Libau marshes. When my grandfather told me of the Kankakee, his arms would spread wide, and he would hesitate again and again as he searched for words to describe the wonder of the place. He could try to tell me of Kankakee, but he could not show me, for it had long since been destroyed. . . . It used to be that part of the sport was getting there. Now the cars crowd to the very edge of the good marshes, where the litter of careless hunters gives this border of wild country, this rim of adventure, the aspect of a vacant lot near the city dump. . . . When we have used this Manitoba marsh so badly," Hochbaum concluded, "that our companion species have lost their hold, then it will be time to wonder how much longer we ourselves may stay." END



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BASEBALL'S FIRST QUARTER

by WALTER BINGHAM

A thumbnail rundown on the seasonal performance of the 16 major league teams over the first lap of the 1960 season

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The **Cleveland Indians** not only have hit and fielded well, no surprise, but they have gotten good pitching, a March question mark. Their "veterans," youthful Gary Bell (5-2, ERA 2.40), Jim Perry (3-2, ERA 2.89) and Jim Grant (2-1, ERA 1.44), look ready for the long summer ahead.



JIM PIERSALL

Rookies Wynn Hawkins and Dick Stigman have given the Indians some good games (Stigman has been particularly effective in relief), and Johnny Klippstein, truly a veteran, has been a surprisingly solid relief man; the fancy firstbaseman, Vic Power, has been hitting well (.336), and so, lately, has Tito Francona. But it has been Jim Piersall (.333) with his frenzied play who has kept the Indians fired up. The **Chicago White Sox** appear to be playing essentially the same brand of baseball that won them the pennant in 1959. They are last in home runs, for example, and first in stolen bases. But there are differences, too. Last year's big men, Early Wynn, Nellie Fox and Luis Aparicio, have slipped or slumped. Wynn started six games before winning one and has won only two in all so far; Fox is batting only .260 and is making bad plays in the field; Aparicio is down to .220. But Minnie Minoso (.310) and Ted Kluszewski (.340) are hitting hard, and Relief er Gerry Staley (5-1, ERA 0.55) is pitching beautifully, so the White Sox are galloping along with a .600 won-lost percentage. If Manager Al Lopez can restore Herb Score's confidence and his famous fast ball, the White Sox will be even stronger. The **Baltimore Orioles** have stayed near the top because of good pitching. In one third of their games, Oriole pitchers have yielded two runs or less. Last year's youngsters, Milt Pappas and Jerry Walker, have had problems, but Steve Barber (5 wins, ERA 1.67) and Chuck Estrada (3 wins, ERA 2.72) have



GERRY STALEY



RON HANSEN

eased that pain. Old men Hal Brown, Hoyt Wilhelm and Arnold Portocarrero have contributed important victories. The Orioles have gotten a big lift at the plate from Ron Hansen, their fine-fielding young shortstop and Jim Gentile, who lead the team with 48 RBIs. Gene Woodling, 37 now, is still hitting .300. The **New York Yankees** lead the league in team batting (.263) and home runs (40), but the figures are misleading. They win 16–0, then lose 2–1. Moose Skowron and Roger Maris have had hot days, which helps to account for big scores, but they've had cooling periods, too. Mickey Mantle is having a terrible spring; his batting average dropped to .230. The oldest bitter has been the most consistent hitter, Yogi Berra (.320). The Yanks' big pitchers – Ford, Turley and Ditmar—have only won five games among them. Jim Coates has won five but has had the help of 53 runs. Truest indication that these are no longer the Yankees of old is the loss of six out of seven games to the White Sox and Indians, three of them in extra innings. The **Detroit Tigers** had one stretch of 12 games without scoring more than three runs in any of them; they lost 10 of the 12. (The two they won were both 1–0). The Tigers have been by far the worst-hitting team in the majors (.214 team average) and lowest of them all is Rocky Colavito, lately of Cleveland, currently of the bench. He has hit only one home run in over a month. But in spite of the soft bats, the Tigers have played .500 ball, thanks to the best pitching in the league (3.17 team ERA). Don Mossi has two shutouts, Frank Lary has four wins, Jim Bunning has a 2.62 ERA. Tom Morgan with an ERA of 0.82, has won



WHITEY FORD



ROCKY COLAVITO



JIM LEMON

three games in relief. The **Washington Senators** have the pitching of Camilo Pascual and Pedro Ramos, the hitting of Jim Lemon and Bob Allison and, beyond that, the prospect of a long summer. Pascual has been excellent, with two shutouts, five runs and a 2.61 ERA. Pedro Ramos has been excellent, too, but unlucky. He has lost five games, 3–2, 3–2, 3–0, 1–0 and 3–1. Lemon has 10 home runs, and Allison is hitting .310. But Harmon Killebrew has been hurt. And there isn't much else to talk about. The **Boston Red Sox** continue to look like a strong contender for the cellar. They have all the ingredients: worst pitching in the league (ERA 4.52 and only five complete games) and not enough hitting (.244) to make up for it. At one point this season the Sox were three outs away from first place, but they gave up five runs in the last inning, lost that game, lost the next nine and fell to last place. Pete Runnels, hitting .360, is Boston's only hero, Ted Williams is still around, but he plays seldom and it is painfully clear his career has ended. The **Kansas City Athletics** have traded again, and now they look like the New York Yankees on the late late show. There is Bauer, Carey, Larsen, Siebern, Kucks, Lumpe and Throneberry, all with memories of pennants and World Series. But Kansas City is next to last in batting (.239) and has stolen just two bases, a fair indication of team speed. They do have the pitching of Dick Hall (4 wins, ERA 1.91) and Bud Daley (5 wins, ERA 2.53), but sarcastic fans say who knows when either or both may be leaving for New York.



PETE RUNNELS



DICK HALL

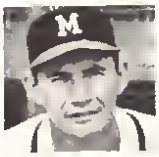
NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **San Francisco Giants** may run off from the rest of the league any day now. It's surprising they haven't done so already. They have hitting. Willie Mays (.340), Orlando Cepeda (32 RBIs), Willie McCovey (32 RBIs), Willie Kirkland (.305). They have pitching: Mike McCormick (ERA 1.50), Sam Jones (2.08), Billy


MIKE McCORMICK

O'Dell (2.20), Johnny Antonelli (2.37), Jack Sanford (2.96). The pitchers have been overpowering in windy, spacious Candlestick Park: they had one stretch of 35 consecutive scoreless innings. Things have been tougher on the road, especially for Jones, who has lost four times. Still the Giants have not lost more than two straight all season (and that only twice). Manager Bill Rigney moans the loss of his third baseman, Jim Davenport, who was hospitalized with an ulcer. Seven other managers would accept Davenport's ulcer if they could have Rigney's team. The **Pittsburgh Pirates** have been the bulldog of the league, hanging on to the ankle of the giant, refusing to let it get away. Pittsburgh works miracles: losing 5–0 in the ninth, they score six to win. Everyone has hit, but Roberto Clemente and Bob Skinner have hit most often. The pitching has survived on a two-man shoestring. Vernon Law (7 wins) and Bob Friend (5 wins) have had 10 complete games between them, but that's the team total. Elroy Face, the 18–1 reliever in 1959, got roughed up early this season but has settled down to effective relief; the other Pirate starters have needed it. The **Milwaukee Braves**, expected by many to rebound under the electric charge of new manager Charley Dressen, have not looked particularly good, or particularly bad, winning and losing at a third-place rate. The old heroes have been hitting: Joe Adcock (.340), Hank Aaron (.333) and Eddie Mathews (.327). Red Schoendienst, back at second base (see page 34), got off to a fine start, hitting over .300, until he began to slip recently —and the pitching has slipped, too. Warren Spahn and Lou Burdette have thrown no shutouts and only three complete games (they had 3 shutouts and 14 complete games this time a year ago). Juan Pizarro (3 wins, ERA 2.35) and Bob Buhl (3 complete wins) have helped. The Braves have been hurt most by the ineffective relief work of the once-reliable Don McMahon (1–4, ERA 6.88). It has cost the Braves three of five extra-inning losses. The **Cincinnati Reds**, after a miserable start in which they lost 11 of 15, won nine straight to right themselves. Pitching was the cause of both the slump and the spurt. The Reds gave up seven runs a game while they were losing, but only two a game during the winning streak. Jim O'Toole and Bob Purkey have been the most reliable pitchers. Cal McLish, who came from Cleveland in the off-season, has been a sorrow. The hitting has been good: Ed Bailey, Vada Pinson, Eddie Kasko and Frank Robinson are all over .300. The **Los Angeles Dodgers** seem to be trying to prove that a team that finished seventh one year and first the next can finish seventh again. The team batting average is .230 (notable contributions: Duke Snider at .215 and Gil Hodges at .196). The Dodgers have been losing 1–0, 2–0, 2–1. In 25 of their first 38 games the team failed to score more than four runs. That is why Don Drysdale and Johnny Podres have such fine ERAs (2.39 and 2.10) and such mediocre records (both 4–4). A hitting hero is needed—and perhaps Frank Howard, the well-publicized rookie, will be it—if the Dodgers are to make any sort of defense of their championship. The **St. Louis Cardinals** have moved in zigs and zags. They lost five straight, won nine of 11, then lost eight more. To make things more exasperating, 15 of their 17 wins came at home, 14 of their 20 losses on the road. As expected, the Cards have several high-average men (Bill White, Daryl Spencer and Joe Cunningham, all about .320), but the team average is only .250. Hitting right at that average is Stan Musial, who has shown few signs of a comeback. Some good pitching has been wasted and the Cards can't afford that (staff ERA 4.16). Only Larry Jackson, with five wins and 3.08 ERA, has been steady. The **Chicago Cubs** have been pretty bad and their pitching has been awful. The Cubs have lost 10–8, 18–2, 16–6, 10–9, 9–7, 14–1, 11–6. Glenn Hobbie and Bob Anderson, last year's big winners (28 victories), have won only four times, and Anderson has failed to finish six of his seven starts. Don Cardwell's no-hitter was a bright spot, and young Dick Ellsworth has also been effective (ERA 2.25). The hitting has been a disappointment, too. Ernie Banks has been fighting a slump, although his home runs (9) and RBIs are up with the league leaders. Frank Thomas dropped steadily off in May (.207, 3 RBIs in 13 games). The ineffective early-season play cost Manager Charlie Grimm his job. Replacement Lou Boudreau has been no luckier. The **Philadelphia Phillies** wasted little time dropping to the familiar terrain of last place. Manager Eddie Sawyer saw his team lose on opening day and turned the thankless job over to two-fisted Gene Mauch. Jim Owens and Gene Conley have pitched good ball, but Robin Roberts, the Phillies' last link with glory, has won only one game. Other veterans are having trouble. Al Dark is hitting .236, Wally Post .235 and Harry Anderson .240. There is some young talent—Tony Curry, Ken Walters, John Callison and Jim Coker—but they and the rest of the team belong to tomorrow.


ROBERTO CLEMENTE


JOE ADCOCK


JIM O'TOOLE


DON DRYSDALE


DARYL SPENCER


DON CARDWELL


TONY CURRY

AMERICAN	CURRENT STANDING	STANDING 5/29/59	RUNS SCORED PER GAME 1960	RUNS SCORED PER GAME 1959	RUNS ALLOWED PER GAME 1960	RUNS ALLOWED PER GAME 1959	AVERAGE HOME ATTENDANCE 1960	AVERAGE HOME ATTENDANCE 1959
Baltimore	1	3	4.7	3.7	4.8	4.3	11,300	13,100
Cleveland	2	1	4.2	5.3	3.6	3.5	14,400	16,275
Chicago	3	2	4.9	4.9	4.6	4.4	22,975	9,150
New York	4	8	5.2	4.0	4.3	4.5	15,000	22,150
Detroit	5	6	3.5	4.5	3.4	5.3	20,260	11,375
Kansas City	6	5	4.0	3.9	4.0	4.8	9,575	10,550
Washington	7	4	4.0	4.7	4.3	4.5	9,280	9,650
Boston	8	7	3.6	4.8	5.0	5.0	10,950	10,125
NATIONAL								
San Francisco	1 (tie)	2	4.8	4.7	3.0	3.8	29,000	17,400
Pittsburgh	1 (tie)	4 (tie)	4.9	4.4	4.1	5.2	20,775	17,000
Cincinnati	3	6	5.0	5.1	5.0	5.3	8,840	10,560
Milwaukee	4	1	4.4	5.2	4.2	4.0	18,270	16,400
Los Angeles	5	4 (tie)	3.8	5.0	3.9	5.1	30,620	27,250
St. Louis	6	7	4.2	5.0	4.3	4.7	11,570	9,930
Chicago	7	3	4.3	4.4	6.1	4.5	11,780	7,240
Philadelphia	8	8	3.8	4.4	5.0	5.4	14,050	13,025

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—MINNESOTA, over Iowa, 7–3, 8–0, to win third straight Big Ten title, Minneapolis.

BOATING—PENN, stroked by Anthony Palms, kept pressure on Cornell's newly promoted jayvees (who lost varsity jobs before Eastern Sprints, then won them back last week) with steady 31 to 33 heat on choppy Cayuga Lake at Ithaca, N.Y., finished strong deck length ahead of Big Red in race record 10:00.4 for two miles, moved to fore among contenders for Olympic berth. Meanwhile, Cornell's demoted first-stringers, rowing as jayvees, led Penn second-stringers home in 10:14.8.
WASHINGTON AND LEE H.S., Arlington, Va., pulled to victories in senior and junior eight-oared races, added win in senior double sculls to dominate Schoolboy Rowing Assn. of America championships, Princeton, N.J.
KENT SCHOOL VARSITY heat Andover by boat length in New England Interscholastic Regatta at Worcester, Mass., was rewarded with trip to England for Royal Henley Regatta next month.

BOWLING—MARGE McDANIELS, Mountain View, Calif., singles with 649 on final day; JETTE MOONEY and FREIDA LAIBER, South Bend, Ind., doubles with 1,221; JUDY ROBERTS, Fredonia, N.Y., all events with 1,836; SPARE-TIME GAMES, Cincinnati, Division I with 2,876; ALL-STAR RESTAURANT, Salina, Kans., Division II with 2,476, 6-week-long WIBC championships, Denver.

BOXING—BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPION JOSE BECERRA, frustrated in efforts to land famed KO punch, impatiently stalked retreating challenger Kenji Yonekura for 15 rounds, caught him often enough to escape with split decision (on vote of NBA President Anthony Maceronti) before 25,000 at Tokyo *(see page 28)*. Explained Becerra: "I just couldn't catch him. He has good legs—very good legs."
BENNY (KID) PARET, jabbering young (23) Cuban, pummeled faded and jaded Welterweight Champion Don Jordan, punched out expected 15-round decision to win world title at Las Vegas *(see page 58)*.
ARCHIE MOORE, fat, flabby but adept as ever at blubbery 206½ pounds, busted up run-of-the-mill Heavyweight Willi Besmanoff with slashing combinations, huffed and puffed his way to 10th-round TKO at Indianapolis *(see page 58)*.
COLLEGE BOXING, hanging groggily on ropes, was hit with two more body blows last week. First Washington State dropped sport because "it has been increasingly difficult to find competition," then Sacramento State, longtime western power and fourth-place winner in recent NCAA championships, threw in sponge "for welfare of student participants."

DOG SHOW—CH. WESTHAY FIONA OF HARHAM, Harold Florsheim's perky black-and-tan Airedale, expertly handled by Tom Gately, proudly pranced off with 25th best-in-show at Monmouth County Kennel Club in Oceanport, N.J., then retired from competition.

GOLF—JOE CARR, Ireland, over Bob Cochran, U.S., 8 and 7, for British Amateur title, Portrush, N. Ireland *(see page 70)*.
DOUG FORD shot last-round 68 while early leader Jerry Barber slumped to 73, finished with 270 to win rich Speedway "500" Festival and $9,000 at Indianapolis.

HARNESS RACING—ADIOS BUTLER, fast-stepping 4-year-old sold for whopping $600,000 nine days earlier, began earning his keep for new owners. Responding to new driver and part-time owner Eddie Cobb as if they were old friends, Butler coasted home two lengths ahead of Mr. Budlong in 2:01⅗ mile, won $12,166 Harness Tracks of America Pace at Chicago's Maywood Park.
BYE BYE BYRD, $25,000 USA Pacer, 1 m., by ½ length over Widower Creed (later set back to third, behind O'Brien Hanover, for breaking), in 2:01⅕, Yonkers Raceway. Clint Hodgins, driver.
TIE SILK, $25,000 free-for-all trot, 1 m., by ½ length over favored Senator Frost, in 2:02⅘, Yonkers Raceway. Philip Dussault, driver.

HORSE RACING—JOHN WILLIAM, Merrick Stable's 20-to-1 shot, took off under Hedley Woodhouse's whipping ride, fought off challenging Count Amber in stretch to win $117,000 Withers Mile in 1:35⅘ at Aqueduct.
FLEET NASRULLAH, frisky 5-year-old who finds time to lend to his breeding chores between race meetings, bustled into early lead, stayed on top all the way to romp home first by 2¼ lengths in $111,300 Californian at Hollywood Park.

MOTOR SPORTS—STIRLING MOSS, Britain, carefully but quickly steered his Lotus Climax around winding, rain-drenched Monte Carlo streets, averaged 67.43 mph for 196 miles to win Grand Prix of Monaco. Britain's Bruce McLaren finished second in Cooper, now leads Moss, 14 points to 8, in race for world driving title.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING—Even while world statesmen were pondering summit failures in Paris, news came that some less political, but equally formidable, peaks had been conquered in the Himalayas. Six-man Swiss team, headed by MAX EISELIN, was reported to have reached top of 26,795-foot Dhaulagiri, world's highest unclimbed mountain. In Tokyo it was announced that KATSUTOSHI HIRABAYASHI and two Nepalese guides had successfully climbed 23,399-foot Mount Api.

SOCCER—INTERNATIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE made debut in New York's Polo Grounds and Jersey City's Roosevelt Stadium, drew 24,745 fans for first three games. The results: KILMARNOCK, Scotland, over Bayern-Munich, W. Germany, 3–1; GLENAVON OF LURGAN, Ireland, over N.Y. Americans, 5–1; BURNLEY, England, over Bayern-Munich, 3–0.
UKRAINIAN NATIONALS, over Los Angeles Kickers, 5–3, for U.S. title, Philadelphia.

TENNIS—DARLENE HARD, U.S., over Yola Ramirez, Mexico, 6–3, 6–4, women's singles; NICOLA PIETRANGELI, Italy, over Luis Ayala, Chile, 3–6, 6–3, 6–4, 4–6, 6–3, men's singles, French International championships, Paris.

TRACK & FIELD—JIM BEATTY, stubby 128-pounder, carved himself a slice of fame when Aussie Herb Elliott turned up with ailing knee at Modesto, Calif. Beatty ran Oregon's Dyrol Burleson into cinders, set U.S. record of 3:58 for mile *(see page 18)*. Among other winners: Oregon freshman HARRY JEROME, who upset Ray Norton in 100 in 9.4; Decathloner RAFER JOHNSON, who flung javelin 249 feet 10 inches; Shotputter PARRY O'BRIEN, with heave of 61 feet 1¼ inches; Northeast Louisiana's DON STYRON, who equaled listed world record of 22.1 for 220-yard low hurdles, finished close second to LEE CALHOUN in 120-yard high hurdles.
VILLANOVA, trailing Penn State by 1½ points going into final event, won mile relay, but needed assist from second-place Manhattan to edge Nittany Lions 38–37½ for IC4A title at Villanova. But individual honors went to Brown's BOB LOWE, who survived spiking to win 3-mile run in 14:12.6, came back 45 minutes later to outlast field in 3,000-meter steeplechase in 9:35, and Boston U. wonderboy JOHN THOMAS, who soared 7 feet 1½ inches in high jump.
USC, led by Shotputter Dallas Long's winning 61-foot 3¾-inch toss, piled up 83½ points, won first Big Five championship, Seattle.
PETER RADFORD, British school teacher-sprinter who trains by racing mechanical rabbit, warmed up with wind-aided 9.3 for 100, then ran 220 yards around curve in 20.5, fastest time ever, at Wolverhampton, England.

MILEPOSTS—DIED: RAFAEL (EL GALLO) GOMEZ ORTEGA, 77, one of most controversial matadors of all time; of heart attack brought on by kidney ailment, at Seville. Born into famous gypsy bullfighting family, El Gallo (The Cock) was master of cape at 6, became full matador at 20. Prematurely bald, unpredictable and given to frequent acts of cowardice in ring, he was nevertheless soon battling Bombita, Machaquito, Belmonte and later, his brother Joselito (who was gored to death in 1920), for title of Número Uno, which he never quite achieved. El Gallo killed more than 4,000 bulls, fought through three major bullfight eras before Spanish civil war forced him into reluctant retirement in 1936 at age 53.
DIED: JOHN TERENCE McGOVERN, 83, lawyer, author, amateur sportsman, longtime counsel (37 years), vice-president and member (39 years) of executive committee of U.S. Olympic Association, after long illness, in New York. An ardent champion of amateurism in sports, McGovern in 1929 co-authored shocking Carnegie Foundation Bulletin 23, which revealed and condemned methods of recruiting and subsidizing athletes at some colleges, resulted in wholesale shake-ups in many athletic departments.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

10, 11—Eddie Franz, Pittsburgh Press (2), Joe Young, Indianapolis News, Jeep Hunter, A.P., Don Klapper, San Antonio Express, A.P. 24—map by Matt Greene. 27—Caicado, El Tiempo. 30, 31—A.P. 34—A.P. 37—Herb Scharfman. 38—Hy Peskin. 45—Phil Bath. 47, 50—Carleton Mitchell. 58—Bill Boggs. 63—A.P. 68—Dick Darcey. 70—A.P. 73—David Kitz. 88—Herb Scharfman, William N. Jacobellis, U.P.I. 89—Phil Bath, Richard Meek, John G. Zimmerman (2), U.P.I. (2). 94—Washington State Game Dept. 96—Martin Nathan.

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DE MORTUIS . . .

Sirs:

Bravo for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in recognizing *A Man of Quality* (May 23). Aly Khan excelled as few do in important and pleasurable endeavors widely accepted by our culture.

The world has lost one of its foremost proponents of the art of living.

JAMES B. ELLSWORTH
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sirs:

What is a man of quality? In my opinion a man of quality is one who serves his fellow man and follows a set of moral rights. Being a gambler and sportsman does not make a man of quality.

ANDREW INTERDONATO
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

When are women at their best? When dressed in the highest fashion, glittering in the Paris social whirl and living as the mistresses of Aly Khan?

Come down off it and write with honesty and fewer stars in your eyes.

FRANK D. MCCARTHY
San Francisco

Sirs:

A disgrace to the journalistic profession.

ANTHONY J. KOSTLER
Ashland, Ohio

VOX POPULI

Sirs:

Some day we rebels will take up arms and overthrow the cruel and ruthless dictatorship of the NCAA (EDITORIALS, May 16). Our cause is just! Live for the future when once again sports will be ruled as a democracy of the people, by the people and for the people.

BRUCE G. BLINN
Colton, Calif.

LIVE DANGEROUSLY

Sirs:

I read with great interest your editorial *The Safetimonious Driver* (May 30).

It is my firm belief that if the senseless slogan "Speed Kills" were changed to "Skill Saves" and a wholehearted effort were made to educate motorists on proper driving techniques, many many lives could be saved.

I, too, would rather be somewhere else, but as an automobile commuter driving over 100 miles per day, I have very little choice but to live dangerously.

DAVID R. ALLEN
New York City

CONFLICT OF INTERESTS

Sirs:

I was glad to see your editorial on Al Kaline's ownership of horses (*A Respectable Sideline*, May 30). Why Bill DeWitt concerns himself with personal investments of his players is beyond me. He should worry about the Tigers' baseball problems.

I own stock in the Baltimore Orioles, bought it from profits on stock in Hazel Park. Would Mr. DeWitt presume to ask Thoroughbred Breeder and Owner John Galbreath to give up his Darby Dan Farm because of his Pirate holdings?

JOSEPH L. ROBERTS
Forest Hills, N.Y.

TRADE

Sirs:

I am from Washington and have backed the Senators (*Eighth Place Revisited*, May 30) ever since they tried to nose out Detroit for the pennant (20th century I believe it was). I also have been looking for a place to go in Jamaica. Now I can pawn my box seat until the series in Washington and go to Frenchman's Cove (May 30).

HENRY J. DONALDSON
Washington, D.C.

GOOD JUDGE OF HORSES

Sirs:

Your report of the 1960 Kentucky Derby (May 16) was without exception the finest coverage of a horse race I have read. Congratulations are in order for the superb color pictures by John G. Zimmerman and Jerry Cooke and the behind-the-scenes race story written by Whitney Tower.

PHIL DIXON III
Wichita Falls, Texas

DON'T STOOP TO CONQUER

Sirs:

Magnetized metal tees (SCORECARD, May 16) might mean one less stoop yes, but no stooping at all? Delayed action springs in the cups could be devised to flip the ball back out to the golfer who has holed out.

ALAN D. STEVENS
Pleasure Ridge Park, Ky.

THIS LITTLE PIGGY . . .

Sirs:

Happy to learn the difference between "Piggy" (Alabama) Lambert and "Piggy" (Purdue) Lambert (19TH HOLE, May 23). Tell me was there ever a "Piggy" who went to Marquette?

A. I. CHERTOCK
Goshen, N.Y.

GO NORTH, YOUNG MAN

Sirs:

What callow youth of tender years wrote the article about Clarence Pautzke (PAT

continued



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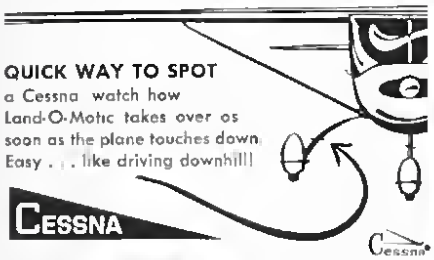
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ON THE BACK, May 23)? He writes, "Now at 52, Biologist Pautzke might be expected to ease off and plan a life of retirement." Are you kidding? Only a man of 25 could be so naive as to think that a man of 52 thinks only in terms of the boneyard. What about the late Amos Alonzo Stagg and Connie Mack? And what about the present Casey Stengel and a host of other oldtimers who look upon men of 52 as mere striplings?

As you probably have guessed by now, I will be 52 this year and, confidentially, it's bad enough without someone in a fine magazine like SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reminding me of it.

WILFRED GUENTHER
Toledo



CLARENCE PAUTZKE AND TROUT

Sirs:

It was good to read that you share our enthusiasm over Clarence Pautzke's new assignment in Alaska as assistant fish and game commissioner, and I was proud to be shown using Pautzke's method here in Washington. But I think you really owe your readers a picture of Pautzke.

TOM INIONS
Superintendent, South Tacoma Hatchery
Tacoma, Wash.

● And here he is.—ED.

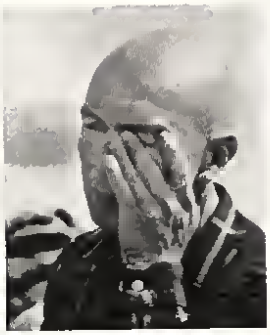
BRIDGE LESSONS

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's *Mad World of Bridge* (May 23) is a thrilling story.

It explains a lot of questions for me—why you consider bridge a sport; why it's one of my two favorite games (the other being tennis); why my mother and my wife refused to be a card partner of my father, who was an expert nut in whist in the '80s, in bridge at the turn of the century, in auction in the '20s and in contract in the '50s (he then in his 90s); and why I revere my father's memory even though he sometimes raved at the bridge table; and why I sometimes act like my father.

RALPH WESTCOTT
Research & Planning Committee, USLTA
Chicago











EPIC ESCAPE: In LIFE's dramatic photographs this week, you meet daredevil rescuers. They accomplished a near-miracle in saving climbers trapped on the snow-clad granite walls of Alaska's McKinley, the continent's highest mountain.

GREAT FRESHWATER FISHERMEN: LIFE-reading Izaak Waltons can see four of North America's most envied and admired anglers in action. The first pursues the wily trout, the second the explosive steelhead, the third the scrappy bass. The fourth, according to local legend, is himself part Atlantic salmon. Eleven pages of striking color photographs by LIFE Staff Photographer George Silk.

LUSCIOUS LEE REMICK: The actress who can be the most exciting wench in films (*A Face in the Crowd*, *Anatomy of a Murder*, and now *Wild River*) becomes a relaxed, intelligent, humorous girl when she is at home in Manhattan, as LIFE's pictures prove, delightfully.

NATIONAL PURPOSE III: The great debate on U.S. goals continues with an article by a top industrialist, another by a world-famous evangelist. General David Sarnoff writes on a strategy that could win the cold war; the Rev. Billy Graham pleads that "it is men who must be changed before a nation can be."

LIFE

OUT THIS WEEK



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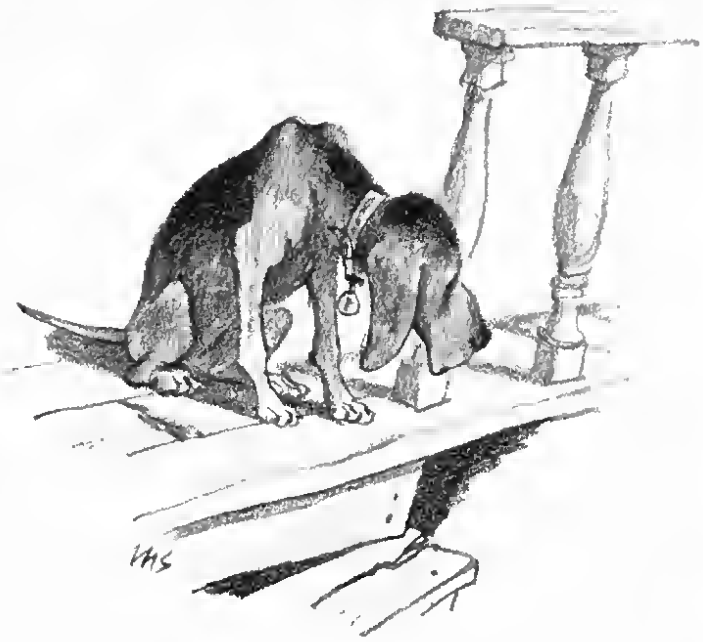
Pat on the Back



ALEXANDER ALDRICH

'Here is what counts'

As a young corporation lawyer "Sam" Aldrich caught the eye of New York's forthright Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy. Today Aldrich, a son of Winthrop Aldrich, former U.S. Ambassador to Britain, heads the Police Athletic League, appropriately abbreviated to PAL, the largest privately financed youth program in the city. In 40 centers, most of them in neighborhoods where no other recreational opportunities exist, PAL each year keeps some 100,000 boys and girls off the street and on baseball diamonds, basketball courts and in boxing rings. For 13 consecutive years PAL boxers have taken the Metropolitan AAU Championships. Among PAL alumni are such nationally rated fighters as Sugar Ray Robinson and Ralph (Tiger) Jones. The other day 28 young fighters climbed into the ring at St. Nicholas Arena. Both Angel Morales (*left, with Aldrich*), PAL's outstanding fighter this year, and Vincent Gentile won PAL championships. But, as Aldrich says: "What counts is not only what they accomplish here, but what could happen to them if PAL did not exist."



The Inalienable Dog

The state of Missouri ponders the question, 'Just what is a licensed dog licensed to do?'

by GERALD HOLLAND

PEOPLE are licensed to do an endless variety of things: practice law and medicine, hunt, fish, fly, sell merchandise from pushcarts, cut hair, extract teeth, tend bar, put on a striptease. Moving over into the animal world, horses are licensed to race, in a manner of speaking. They must be registered with The Jockey Club. Cats are not licensed. Dogs are.

As a matter of fact, there are approximately 6,570,000 licensed dogs in the U.S. Now, in the case of people and race horses, the license carries with it the right to do certain specific things. But has anybody ever bothered to ask precisely what rights the licensed dog has?

Curiously enough, somebody did ask, long ago. He was Clyde Middleton of Maryville, Mo., and he directed his question to the then governor of the state, Henry S. Caulfield. Mr. Middleton wrote:

"I am writing you to find out where a dog license is any protection to a dog. If not, where is the use of paying out that money? The Mayor here says that a license does not protect the dog in the least, that if it leaves home, the officer has the right to kill it. Will you please let me know where a license does protect the dog and does it have a right away from home, either day or night?"

Governor Caulfield, a thoughtful man, did not take the appeal from Mr. Middleton lightly. Instead, he assigned my brother Joseph F. Holland, an assistant attorney general of the state, to go into the matter thoroughly and give him an opinion that might live, in Missouri at any rate, as a sort of Magna Carta of the dog. The opinion follows:

"The State of Missouri [he began] devotes an entire chapter of the Revised Statutes of 1919 to 'Dogs.' It solemnly assures us that 'a dog shall be held and construed to mean all animals of the canine species whether male or female.' From that simple pronouncement evolves a widening circle of state and municipal legislation that weaves about every canine who after nine days of darkness

continued

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opens his eyes upon the sturdy mountains and verdant rolling plains of our great state.

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"Mr. Middleton, somewhere between these vast extremes there stands your dog, a lonely figure in this towering controversy that has already whisked into its maelstrom the Governor of your state, the Mayor of your city. . . .

"This framework lays the foundation for us to repeat the position your dog or any of his species bolds in our complex social scheme.

"First, let us consider your dog as he is, a legal entity. He is your personal property. The courts have so declared. The sparkling Kohinoor diamond; the vast array of furniture under which the *Mayflower* struggled to these shores; the antiques of tbe Napoleonic period; the tapestries of the Hapsburgs of other days—he is as they are—personal property; only that and nothing more.

"The state, with its inherent right to tax, has made its levy upon all of these. They have no privileges but to be. They exist, and because they do, the state exacts its due.

"Tbe right to tax a dog, basically, is as old as tax itself. It is no sentimental thing. The state does not envision the high intelligence of your dog's searcbing eyes; it is denied the thrill you have in the furious greeting of its wagging tail; it does not comprehend the fond and loving joyfulness of his welcome. To the state your dog is just a chattel. He is, and because he is, you must pay tribute for the pleasure that ownership gives you in any personal property.

"However, taxing a dog is a municipal function. As this great century dawned, the great state of Kentucky, which had theretofore enshrined and ennobled the horse, declared in 1901 that a tax on dogs was a valid exercise of the police power to regulate the ownership and keeping of dogs.

"Six years sped by. And then the state of California, land of sunset and of census, rushed in to say that taxing dogs was not inconsistent with the right of cities to license any kind of business not prohibited by law. It declared in solemn mandate that the levy of the tax need not be made at any day certain, nor would it be void for failure to do this. The thought persists that it granted that the dog at no time planned or sought to evade the tax and that, when the bright and shining disc of license was placed upon his collar, he was no whit the wiser nor any whit the happier.

"Thus far, everything has been against the dog. The drone of constant tax has heen about his ears. But then came New York, with the first step in his behalf. It said in one sweet dulcet tone that he was entitled to broader rights, greater protection and professional care and then—in a deep and strident crescendo—roared out its declaration that he still must bow beneath the weight of tax—even as you and I.

"It said hriefly that a tax on dogs



might be levied, and tben diverted to a specially incorporated humane society where the funds thus ohtained would be deployed over the army of less fortunate and untaxed dogs.

"The world waited for Missouri. The tax and the care of dogs had been adjudicated. What of his life?

"Missouri held, under the spell of Christmas in 1924, that, if a man shot a dog maliciously, he must pay his owner twice his value; if he shot him, but without malice, then his actual value. The presumption lies that, if he shot him in any other mental attitude, it was too bad for the dog and owner, too.

"This hrings us to what your dog may do under the license granted by your city. The state, you know, bas passed the privilege on to your city, and tbis matter really is hetween you and your home town.

continued





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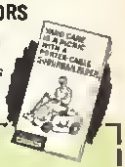
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"The license protects your dog in the right to be just what he is, your dog. If you were to refuse to pay taxes upon your house, the state might sell it; if you refused to pay taxes upon your income to the state or Federal Government, you might be fined or imprisoned. So with your dog. The license means only that you have paid the state its tribute for ownership of property and earned the right to the companionship of man's noblest friend. As for the dog, the license fee is nothing more than a simple occupational tax; his simple occupation is to be a dog.

"You ask, Mr. Middleton, 'does it have a right to stay away from home, either day or night?' "

UNGRATEFUL DOG

"There comes the saddest phase of all this case. It summons up the thought of unrequited love. Why should a dog, with a master so tender of his interest that he invokes the intervention of the Governor himself, desire to be away from home, either day or night? The question is one of canine fickleness that defies the research of the legal huntsman. It lies entrenched within the realm of the psychologist.

"His right to be away from home, legally, lies in whether he is muzzled or on leash in accordance with municipal regulations. He must be kept by you at all times where a striking fancy or passing whim would not permit him to do harm to others.

"This is not harsh, and yet the mandate is final and unyielding. Remember the same sovereignty that cries out its warning to your dog in another moment thrusts a millionaire behind the bars.

"Thus a license is the state's approval of your right to hold property. The city must tell you how to tie him up and hedge him in. The mayor is right; long live the mayor.

"Some comfort there should be. As witness:

" 'When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wing and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.'

"Senator Vest [of Missouri] said that. I repeat it. You and everyone will grant it. A license is your dog's only due. Give it to him and be content." **END**



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

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2. "I took a header smack into the rolling waves. As the 'Tropic Queen' started to right herself, the rope in my hands grew tighter. I felt I'd never reach the surface again and I began to wonder how long I'd be able to hold my breath.



3. "The boat suddenly heeled over, and I was catapulted the *other* way—speeding straight for the boat's side. I got set for the crash. Then I saw the skipper waiting at the rail to intercept me. That's when I finally realized that *he* was part of the game, too!



4. "Back on deck, we made plans for another run the following day. Then we toasted the sport—and ourselves—with a drink of the universal favorite, Canadian Club."

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